

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1838.

No. 145.

PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE:

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND
MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WELLER IS EXTRICATED FROM HIS DIFFICULTIES.—THE HANDSOME
CONDUCT OF THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.—MR. CRASHEM INSTRUCTS
MR. WINKLE IN A CHEAP AND INNOCENT MORNING'S AMUSEMENT.

So early as six o'clock in the morning did the waiter arouse Mr. Pickwick from his slumbers, just at the critical moment when that gentleman was snoring and dreaming away in a manner at once physically and morally beautiful to a degree. Mr. Pickwick's nasal murmurs resembled the rich deep tones of a basoon; and his visions carried him back to those eventful days when his club was in all its glory. With his mental eye—for his corporeal one was shut fast as a prison door—did this truly great man behold himself mounted on a chair and addressing the members whom smoke and brandy-and-water, in conjunction with his eloquence, had almost involved in a delicious and enviable state of insensibility. The illustrious orator himself felt somewhat unsteady; and as he was in the very cream of a statistical account relative to the consumption of raw spirits in the classic regions of Saint Giles, he appeared to totter—his body swayed to and fro—and with a great start he endeavoured to catch at something to save himself from falling—when the president exclaimed—"Six o'clock, Sir!" and Mr. Pickwick awoke, as above stated.

"Singular," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sitting up in his bed, and rubbing his eyes as if he wished to extract fire from them by excessive friction: "very singular—but, it was only a dream!"—and Mr. Pickwick smiled complacently underneath his nightcap.

"Six o'clock, Sir!" cried the waiter. "Shall I bring up some hot water, or send the barber to shave you, Sir?"

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"Six, is it?" cried Mr. Pickwick, somewhat discontentedly; "and I desired you to call me at half-past seven."

"Yes, Sir," returned the waiter, "but—"

"But what?" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, taking his spectacles from under his pillow, and putting them on to scan the waiter from top to toe, by way of discovering his meaning.

"You are wanted, Sir," said that functionary with extreme reluctance.

"Wanted! where—at breakfast?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, his countenance brightening up, and relapsing into smiles. "Very good, waiter. Let's have some broiled ham and eggs."

"Breakfast is not quite ready yet, Sir," returned the waiter; "and it is out o' doors that you're wanted, Sir."

"The coach is not ready, then?" cried Mr. Pickwick in considerable alarm.

"No, Sir: but the Commissary of Police is; and he has sent a gendarme, with his kind compliments, to say that he would be glad if you'd step up to his office at the Town-hall for a few minutes."

"A gendarme!" cried Mr. Pickwick. "Has any thing happened, then, waiter, this morning?"

"No, not this morning, Sir; but last night," responded the waiter.

"In fact, Sir, your servant is in the *Violon*."

"In the what?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his spectacles, wiping them, and putting them on again—an action which his historian fancies to have manifested an unusual degree of impatience on the part of that most perfect of Job's votaries.

"In a sort of prison, Sir—for having knocked down two gendarmes, and disturbed the whole theatre last night."

"At what time did this happen, waiter?" enquired Mr. Pickwick angrily.

"About half-past nine o'clock, Sir," was the reply.

"And why was I not informed of it, then, when it took place?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick still more angrily. "We did not break up till eleven."

"I *did* mention it last evening, Sir," said the waiter: "but *Monsieur* had drank a little wine, and the wine was rather strong, and when I mentioned the word *Violon* in English, which means *Violin*, *Monsieur* merely said, 'No, I thank'ee, waiter—we don't want any music now;' so I thought it better to hold my tongue till this morning."

"Bring me up some hot water, waiter," said Mr. Pickwick, after a moment's consideration, during which a cloud passed over his brow like a vapour on the placid waters of a lake, as Mr. Snodgrass remarked with poetic beauty on another occasion. And having uttered these words, Mr. Pickwick rolled out of his couch, and fell heavily on the floor; for he had forgotten the bed was much higher than those in England, and he was impelled by that haste to assist his faithful servant in his dilemma which invariably characterized his good actions. By the aid of the waiter he was speedily raised upon his legs once more; and, strange to relate, no oath escaped the lips of that extraordinary man. A terrible grimace alone expressed the extent of the pain he had experienced from the fall.

A quarter of an hour was sufficient to complete Mr. Pickwick's toilet; and when his ablutions were performed, his garments donned, and his gaiters hastily buttoned, he descended to the coffee-room, rang the bell with unusual violence, and desired the waiter, who answered the summons, to conduct him to the office of the Commissary of Police. To the Town-hall he accordingly repaired, and was introduced into a small room with a very large window looking upon the Grande Place. There was a long desk covered with papers in the middle of the room, and behind it was seated a venerable-looking old man, with hair as white as snow, and a red riband in his buttonhole. He wore round his waist a wide scarf of three colours, blue, white, and red; but otherwise he was dressed in plain clothes of fashionable cut. On one side of the desk stood a couple of stern-looking functionaries of the police, the same whom Mr. Weller had insulted the previous evening; and on the other side was that gentleman himself, looking particularly dirty and seedy after having passed a night in the *Violon*.

"Mornin', Sir," said Sam, when Mr. Pickwick's glance encountered that of his delinquent domestic. "How air you, Sir, by this time? as the prize-fighter said to his an-tagonist ven he'd a-knocked von of his eyes and all his teeth out. How air you, Sir?"

"How are *you*, Samuel?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, who deemed it expedient to assume a harsh expression of countenance; an essay he accomplished with the same success that would be experienced by an under clerk in the Ordnance office endeavouring to appear like a gentleman. "But how came you here?"

"Them two wery insinivating chaps with the pleasing faces brought me in spite o' myself, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, pointing to the grim-looking town-serjeants with the most perfect indifference.

"Were they obliged to use force, then?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Can't wery vell make a man do a thing wot he don't like vithout some little compulsory means, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, touching his hat; "as the French sugger I heerd about said, ven he cut off his fore-finger, cos he wouldn't be drawn in the pro-scription."

"*Silence, Messieurs!*" exclaimed one of the town-serjeants fiercely, while the other twirled his moustachios and looked very much like a savage bear in the Garden of Plants in Paris.

"*Appellez l'interprete!*" cried the Commissary of Police; and in five minutes the interpreter made his appearance, having been called away from the agreeable occupation of writing an English love-letter for a French officer to an Irish lady's-maid.

Through the *medium* of the interpreter the case was fully investigated. Mr. Pickwick was put in possession of the facts, and the Commissary of Police listened patiently to a speech of twenty minutes' length, which Mr. Pickwick deemed it necessary to make on the occasion, during the recital of which Mr. Weller favoured the Commissary with sundry knowing winks, nods of the head, jerks of the hand, and other telegraphic signs eminently calculated to mystify the magistrate much more than Mr. Pickwick's oration could possibly have done.

"And now it's my turn," said Sam, stepping forward, when Mr. Pickwick's oration had been duly interpreted to the Commissary, on whom it appeared to have made a considerable impression, if one might judge by the manner in which he shook his head, shrugged up

his shoulders, and screwed his mouth into a pleasing variety of forms. "Now it's my turn, old Touch-and-go," exclaimed Mr. Weller, addressing himself to the intrepeter, and laying hold of that gentleman's button-hole, the size of which he considerably increased in a very few minutes. "Please to tell the big-vig as sits in judgment in this wery respectable little court, vich, for all the world, resembles a good-sized English closet, saving his Vorship's presence, and your'n, Sir," with a nod to his master, "that I've no objection to make that 'pollogy vich it becomes von gen'leman to make to another. I von't aggrawate the beak—his Vorship—I mean, by portruding any o' my remarks upon the cheer: I should only re-mind him o' wot the boy said to his mas'er, ven he vos a-going to be flogged,—that mercy's the more better part o' justice; and just beg on him to recollect the obseruation the nobleman made to the cook ven she threw the black-puddins into the grate as vos meant for his lordship's dinner, that he'd overlook it for vonce on con-dition o' good behav'our for the future."

Having delivered himself of this lengthy speech, which was secretly applauded by Mr. Pickwick, who muttered something about Cicero and Demosthenes, Mr. Weller nodded familiarly to the Commissary of Police, shoved his hands into his pockets, and awaited the result in silence. Mr. Pickwick's private notes do not inform us whether the interpreter faithfully translated and rendered Mr. Weller's oration or defence into the French language; and this we can account for in no other way than by the supposition that Mr. Pickwick was ignorant of the fact himself—an idea that is suggested by the circumstance of his not being acquainted with the language at that period. But this we do know, that the apology was accepted by the magistrate, on condition that it should be accompanied by a fine of five francs for the benefit of the poor, fifteen francs for the repairs that it was found necessary to make to the cocked-hats of the town-serjeants, and twenty francs to increase the revenues of his majesty Louis Philippe. The money was immediately paid by Mr. Pickwick, who spoke loudly of French leniency and the ability of French magistrates, as he walked back to the hotel with Mr. Samuel Weller.

"Wery 'ansome conduct it where, Sir," echoed Sam; "and a wery great relief to my mind arter a-passing eight or nine long hours in a hole to vich no light can't penetrate even by day. If a chap had the misfortune to be o-pressed vith a veak intellect, he'd go a-ravin' mad, Sir, or else be attacked vith the quivers, like old Gubbins in the King's Bench."

"Who was he, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick shardly.

"Vy, Sir, he's a cook on his own account," returned Mr. Weller; "and ven you and me, Sir, vos in the Fleet, I heerd his story from another pris'ner vich had been imported by have-his-carcase from the Bench to the Farrin'don hot-tel. This Gubbins, it appears, Sir, vos sent to Orsemonger Lane Jug—"

"What does Jug mean, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick sharply.

"Prison, Sir, to be sure," returned Mr. Weller.

"Oh! I see,—a synonyme," observed his master.

"No, Sir, it ain't a sin on 'em to be there, cos they can't help it, Sir. But that ain't nayther 'ere nor there, as the member o' parli'ment observed in a promiscuous manner, ven he had improperly

alluded to the Speaker's vig. This Gubbins, Sir, as I vos a-saying, vent to Orsemonger Lane for some reason or another—I raly don't know vot—and they shoved him into a cell vhere two mallifectors had bin the night afore, and vos scragged the same mornin.' Vell, Sir, he didn't much care about it as long as 'twas day-light: but ven the night come, his fears commenced; and by twelve o'clock he trembled wiolently from 'ead to foot. Just as St. George's had strick the hour o' midnight, a low voice echo'd through the cell, and said, 'How air you, Gubbins—my boy?' and then another cried out a little louder, 'Velcome, Gubby, to the murderer's cell!' The poor feller's 'air stood up on eend, and his heart palpitated like the pentulum of a eight-day clock: but wot vos his 'orror and ser-prise, ven a faint light stole into the room, and he see the ghostesses o' the two murderers as plain as I twig you now, Sir. Their eyes vos vide open and looked for all the world like lead; and their 'eads hung a little over to von side. They gave a wery formiliar nod to old Gubbins, groaned heavily, and wanished away into nothink, leaving poor Gubbins afflicted vith such a shaking as he han't never since rekiwered from, and never vill, Sir. At this present speaking he's a cook in the Bench, to vich he vos removed agin the same day."

Just as Mr. Weller had brought this most true and correct narrative to a termination, Mr. Pickwick's hand was purposely placed in contact with the handle of the door of the coffee-room at Meurice's hotel; and having dismissed his domestic for the moment, he was about to enter the room, when the sounds of voices fell loudly on his ear.

"Seven's the main—spin 'em, if you like—nine—nine to seven—I want nine—and nine it is!" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, while a strange rattling of something that resembled dice was very plainly heard by the astonished Mr. Pickwick, who, without any farther hesitation, flung open the door, and walked hastily into the coffee-room, where a singular spectacle met his eyes.

Mr. Winkle was seated at one corner of the table, looking the very picture of misery and discontent; while Mr. Adolphus Crashem was flourishing a dice-box in his right hand, and tenaciously holding a heap of bank-notes in his left. Mr. Crashem was not seated: he was leaning in a peculiarly interesting attitude over the table, and preparing to throw once more as Mr. Pickwick entered the apartment.

"Good morning, my dear Sir—good morning," cried Mr. Crashem, with the most unblushing effrontery, as the great man made his appearance. "Hard at work, you see—must get up early to do business—eh, Winkle?"—and Mr. Crashem was immediately convulsed with laughter.

"It *is* rather early, Winkle!" observed Mr. Pickwick with a frown; "and in a public hotel!"

"Oh in France, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "'tis all the go. Perhaps you'd like to have a throw yourself. Confound it, don't refuse, now: I'll set you a quid with pleasure. Shall we say a quid by way of a start?"

"No—no! I *must* have my revenge!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, casting a republican glance, that seemed the very assertion of conscious freedom, on his great leader, who sighed, drew near the fire, and

did not venture another observation. Mr. Winkle was determined to have his revenge; and Mr. Crashem, in the most generous and handsome manner, assured him that he wished he might get it.

"How queerly you take the dice up," observed Mr. Winkle to Mr. Crashem, who was preparing to "have another shy," as he beautifully expressed himself in the figurative language of the poets. "What makes you squeeze your fingers so close together?"

"That's the genteel way, that is," answered Mr. Crashem, glancing slyly at Mr. Pickwick, and recalling to his mind the word that denotes the colour of the leaves and the grass in the middle of Spring. "Seven—eight—eight to seven—eight it is—that makes another five!"—and Mr. Winkle immediately consigned to Mr. Crashem's keeping a five-pound Bank of England note, which that gentleman received with a certain twinkling of the eye that denoted any thing but infelicity.

"I must try and get up my play a little," cried Mr. Winkle with a very long face. "'Tis almost an age since I handled the dice-box."

"I never saw you do so before," observed Mr. Pickwick; "and I hope that—"

Posterity will for ever remain ignorant of the intended conclusion of Mr. Pickwick's speech; for at the very critical moment when he left off, the waiter entered with the breakfast things, and thus put an end to the play as well as to Mr. Adolphus Crashem's certainty of gain—for such a word as *chance* in the matter would be totally misplaced—to the intense delight of Mr. Pickwick, and the especial sorrow of Miss Grinwell's betrothed, who seemed particularly desirous of adding another fifty pounds to the ten five-pound notes he had already acquired. Mr. Tupman speedily made his appearance, and the adventures of Mr. Weller became the immediate topic of conversation.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAVELLERS COMMENCE THEIR FRENCH TOUR.—THE INTERIOR OF A DILIGENCE.—A TABLE D'HÔTE, AT WHICH AN EXTRAORDINARY DEGREE OF PIETY IS MANIFESTED BY MR. PICKWICK.—THE GENDARME.

THE astonishment of the waiter was not a little excited, when Mr. Adolphus Crashem addressed him as follows, so soon as breakfast had been carefully dispatched.

"Waiter—bring me my bill—do you hear, waiter?"

"Beg pardon, Sir," responded the *garçon*, when he had found time to soothe his feelings, calm his mind, and assure himself that his ears did not deceive him, and that he was not labouring under a delusion; "beg pardon, Sir, but it has already been delivered about fourteen times."

"Of course—of course—weekly bills!" cried Mr. Crashem, casting an uneasy glance at Mr. Pickwick; "and while I think of it, I had better step into the office and settle this little account with the landlord himself."

"As you please, Sir," observed the waiter, slightly shrugging his shoulders; and he proceeded to rub the table with a violence that

could only have been adopted to drown the "*Sacr-r-r-ré nom de Dieu ;*" by the utterance of which he relieved the agitation so unlooked for an occurrence had thrown him into.

At this crisis Mr. Weller, enveloped in his great-coat, entered the coffee-room.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, looking at his watch, and then at the clock in the picture over the mantel-piece; "what news, Sam?"

"The diligence starts in ten minutes, Sir," answered Mr. Weller. "I've bin to see all the luggage safely stow'd away, and as the vehicle don't go round the town to take up passingers, 't would be rayther advisable to stump down to the office vich is on'y in the next street."

"Give me my great-coat, then, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; and in a moment the immortal gentleman was carefully wrapped up in the above-mentioned garment. Mr. Weller then proceeded to assist Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle to encase their own respective bodies in similar contrivances, which ceremony had scarcely been performed, and the bill duly paid, when Mr. Crashem returned to the coffee-room, mysteriously enveloped in a thick rough coat which he had just purchased at a ready-made clothes-shop on the Grande Place. Every thing being now ready, and every body prepared for departure, the five travellers followed the porter of the hotel to the diligence office in the Rue Neuve, where they found the five horses already harnessed to the vehicle, and the vehicle itself laden with luggage to the height of about four feet above the roof. The door of the *interieur*, or central department of the diligence, was immediately thrown open; and a clerk, armed with a large book and a steel pen, took up his station by the steps.

"*Monsieur* Peek-veek, number one!" cried the individual just mentioned; and with a dexterous jerk he flung Mr. Pickwick into the seat allotted to him.

"*Monsieur* Weenkell, number two!" continued the man with the book; "*Monsieur* Toopman, number three; *Monsieur* Crashem, number four!" and the gentlemen thus enumerated were also plunged in due order into their places. A pause of a few minutes ensued, during which the clerk cast an anxious glance towards the entrance of the coach-yard, as if he were waiting the arrival of other passengers. At length his face brightened up, and two individuals presented themselves at the office-door.

"*Allons, Messieurs !*" cried the man with the book, "*en place !*" and he proceeded to read their names, and assign each to his respective seat. "*Monsieur* Dumont, number five; *Monsieur* Boozie, number six. An' you, young man, you go dere—you climb imperial—you no break neck, me hop!"

This latter injunction was delivered to Mr. Weller, who ascended to his seat according to the directions given him; and in an another moment the diligence was rolling along at the safe and easy pace of four miles an hour.

By the time the fortifications were passed, Mr. Pickwick had had an opportunity of inspecting the exterior of the two strangers who occupied the fifth and sixth places in the *interieur* of the diligence. M. Dumont was an individual about six-and-thirty. His face was neither hand-

some nor ugly; but his countenance was stern, and his dark piercing eyes appeared as if they could read the most secret thoughts of those whose glances they encountered. He wore large black whiskers and long moustachios, that gave an additional air of fierceness to his general aspect, which was military and warlike. He was dressed in plain clothes, if we except a red stripe down his trowsers—and Mr. Pickwick immediately concluded that he was an officer of inferior rank; for in his manners he was neither vulgar nor genteel, neither calculated to adorn a ball-room, nor to associate with private soldiers or servants. He was something between a gentleman and a serjeant or corporal—of that dubious rank, in appearance, which sees its equals no-where, and often enables the individual, who bears it, to be the companion of the well-born, as well as occasionally compelling him to mix with the lower classes.

Mr. Boozie was a short, fat Englishman, with a very apoplectic neck, a red face, and a laughing eye. He was clad in a cut-away green coat with brass buttons, drab trowsers, and top-boots. A white great-coat had also accompanied him into the diligence; but of this he preferred making a seat rather than a covering.

"No fear of being overturned at this pace, I think," said Mr. Adolphus Crashem, appealing to Mr. Winkle, whose countenance had managed to divest itself of the look of extreme misery it had lately worn.

"No, indeed," returned that gentleman with a smile of assent to the truth of his new friend's remark.

"And yet I *was* once upset on this road," observed Mr. Boozie in a gruff tone of voice quite unassumed; the melodious sounds of his articulation being as natural as the nose at which his two eyes occasionally glanced, their visual rays forming with mathematical precision a neat acute angle at about one inch from the tip of the said proboscis. "It was coming from Boulogne, I think—no, it wasn't, either—I tell a lie when I say that, 'twas going to Boulogne—in the winter time too—I mean the summer—yes, it *was* the summer, when I think of it—what a lie I was telling, to be sure!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick: "and, pray, were you much hurt?"

"Merely broke my collar-bone, Sir," returned Mr. Boozie; then in a moment he added,—"No, it wasn't my collar-bone either—I'm telling a cursed lie again—'twas one of my right ribs."

"Oh! that's nothing," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, fortified with the laudable resolution of yielding to no man in the art and beauty of composition, and the extent of an inventive genius. "It was only a few weeks ago, that I and young Lord Wippemwell were overturned in his stanhope—close by Hyde Park Corner. A nurse and two children were passing at the time—the nurse received me in her arms safe and sound—plump wench she was, too; but the little girl, who was only seven years old, poor thing, was smothered by Lord Wippemwell. You might have read of it in the *Morning Herald*, under the head of 'Afflicting Occurrence—one life lost,' and in the *Post*, 'Aristocratic Overthrow.'"

"How very shocking!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, softened almost

to tears, while Mr. Tupman thought of the nursery-maid, and longed to ask if she were pretty. "But I do not think I noticed it in the papers you allude to."

"I saw it, though, in the *Times*, I did," exclaimed Mr. Boozie. A short pause ensued—Mr. Pickwick closed his eyes, perhaps in thought—Mr. Tupman sighed, as the countenance of the pretty chamber-maid was recalled to his memory by a voluntary effort—and Mr. Boozie appeared to reflect whether he had not contradicted himself, or uttered some untruth that required to be explained.

"Devilish slow work, this is," observed Mr. Crashem, by way of breaking a silence that was any thing but delightful.

"Very tedious," responded Mr. Winkle, who was seated opposite to Mr. Crashem. "What can we do to amuse ourselves?"

"Two good hours more to Boulogne," cried Mr. Crashem; "and the most amusing fellow of the whole kit is asleep," he added after a moment, pointing towards Mr. Pickwick, whose expressive countenance was wreathed in smiles, and whose nose sent forth the harmonious sounds that invariably accompanied the slumbers of that extraordinary man.

"So he is, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle; and he looked at Mr. Crashem, who fancied he saw something peculiar in Mr. Winkle's glance, and smiled significantly.

"Should you like to have your revenge, Winkle?" enquired Mr. Crashem after a moment's delay. "Or p'rhaps you wouldn't like to play so high—eh? Well, d—n me, here goes—any thing to accommodate a friend, as Sir Patrick Pocock used to say to my father, the General."

"I knew Sir Patrick Pocock," exclaimed Mr. Boozie; "was he a friend of your's?"

"Nothing more than god-father, that's all," returned Mr. Adolphus Crashem, with a look of pity which he bestowed upon Mr. Boozie. "'Twas through his influence that I got into parliament the year before last," he added, after a moment, with the carelessness of a great man unaccustomed to speak of himself.

"Ah! what—are you in parliament?" enquired Mr. Winkle, his respect for Mr. Adolphus Crashem considerably increasing.

"Am I not?" said Mr. Crashem; "that's all!"—and having uttered this very satisfactory and comprehensive sentence, he quietly drew a pack of cards from one of the pockets of his mysterious rough coat.

"For what borough, might I inquire?" meekly demanded Mr. Winkle.

"What borough?" demanded Mr. Crashem, the extent of his political responsibilities for a moment obliterating from his memory the very name of the town inhabited by the constituents who elected him.

"Oh! what borough?—why, Skinkville, Somersetshire, to be sure."

"Oh! I recollect!" ejaculated Mr. Boozie, suddenly awaking from a deep reverie: "I made a false statement just now—I don't know Sir Patrick Pocock, when I think of it."

Mr. Crashem, we are bound to observe, did not express any astonishment at this assertion, but proceeded to shuffle the cards, and enquired of Mr. Winkle what they should play for.

"Just a trifle," returned Mr. Winkle, "only for the amusement of the thing."

"Two bob and a bender—will that suit you?" enquired Mr. Crashem, in a playful strain of metaphor, or rather synonyme.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, who did not wish to appear ignorant of terms evidently used by people in the higher walks of life: "how much did you say?"

"Half-a-crown, if you like," responded Mr. Crashem; and the game commenced accordingly.

"Are you strong at *écarté*?" enquired Mr. Crashem, pocketing the third half-crown, and turning up his seventh king with a coolness and presence of mind that did him immense credit, when we take into consideration the risk he was running.

"Not very," returned Mr. Winkle, glancing hastily over a hand composed of three eights, one nine, and one ten, of which none was a trump.

"Good players always say *that*," observed Mr. Crashem, placidly arranging upon his knees five picture cards of high *calibre*. "But I'm afraid you ain't lucky to-day? By the bye—did you ever hear of the match I played at chess with the ambassador from the king of the Uninhabited Islands? That *was* a match, or my name isn't Crashem! I gave him a queen, the two castles, and a bishop—and beat him in fifteen minutes by Lord Bugden's chronometer-watch. There's the king again, I declare!" added Mr. Crashem, while M. Dumont shrugged up his shoulders, smiled, but said nothing.

When the love-sick maiden is reclining on a flowery bank, by the side of a meandering stream, pondering on her passion, and enjoying the stilly calmness of the evening, a clap of thunder may suddenly arouse her from her delightful reverie. When the man about town is luxuriating in the coffee-room of an hotel, on a bottle of claret and a broiled fowl, the unhallowed touch of the sheriff's officer's hand upon his shoulder not unfrequently disturbs his enjoyment. So it was on the present occasion: for—to pursue the approved method adopted by novelists to introduce a circumstance of such import—at the very moment, when Mr. Winkle was quietly shuffling the cards, having handed over to Mr. Crashem another English half-crown, the voice of Mr. Pickwick fell upon his ears.

"What!" exclaimed that gentleman, awaking from his slumbers, like a giant refreshed with wine—"are you gambling again, Mr. Winkle, and losing the money which belongs as much to your wife and children as to yourself?"

"We are not playing for much, my dear friend," observed Mr. Winkle, in a trembling voice.

"And, pray, Sir—what *are* you playing for?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, in a tone of extreme irascibility.

"Only two bob and a bender!" replied Mr. Winkle, animated by a laudable and exemplary desire to display any acquisition of knowledge he might obtain in his continental tour.

"Do you want to insult me, Sir?" cried the indignant Mr. Pickwick; "or is it your wish to alienate from your interests for ever an old and tried friend?"

Mr. Winkle's voice was lost in sobs—the generous hero of these memoirs was immediately pacified by such symptoms of contrition—and in a moment the hand of the immortal Pickwick grasped that of the penitent Winkle, just as the diligence entered the streets of Boulogne-sur-Mer at a rapid pace.

It is not our intention to detail the very *minutiæ* of the adventures connected with the continental tour of Mr. Pickwick and his followers. We shall therefore merely observe that a small case bottle of brandy and a large parcel of sandwiches were attacked and disposed of by the gentlemen occupying the first four seats of the *interieur*—that M. Dumont politely refused, in very good English, to partake of the repast—that Mr. Boozie informed his fellow travellers how he was once nearly choked by a ham-sandwich, how he was telling them “an infernal lie,” and how the harm was occasioned by a beef-sandwich—and that Mr. Crashem, the cards having been eschewed for the moment, related a number of pleasant anecdotes, chiefly connected with himself, his family, or his noble acquaintances, and remarkable for the probability and air of truth with which they were vested. We shall not be tedious on these subjects, but merely state that at about seven o'clock in the evening the diligence entered the very cheerful and crowded streets of Montreuil, at which town the passengers were to dine.

As several English gentlemen were staying at the hotel where the diligence stopped—the neighbourhood of Montreuil being famous for game, and the said gentlemen being just able in the shooting season to emancipate themselves from the demands of their creditors at Boulogne, Calais, Saint-Omer, &c., and take a trip to Montreuil—the *table-d'hôte* was numerously attended. Mr. Pickwick and his companions seated themselves next to each other at the head of the long table, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle were about to commence a desperate attack upon certain succulent viands that stood near them, when Mr. Pickwick, his expressive countenance assuming an aspect of seriousness not unmixed with severity, rebuked his followers for an omission of which they had been guilty, and, with the gravity which that great man knew so well how to adopt, rose slowly from his chair, and, with extended arms, in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, said Grace. Having thus exemplified his devotion, Mr. Pickwick sunk into his seat, and in an instant made a deep incision in a leg of mutton which stood before him. Such an act of piety excited the risible feelings of all present, as well as the utmost astonishment of the sporting gentlemen, who made sundry pleasant and pointed remarks thereupon; and lest their observations should be deemed nothing but fulsome flattery by Mr. Pickwick and his friends, they considerably disguised their sentiments in a figurative language of their own.

“A parish prig, I'll bet a pound,” cried one.

“Wouldn't patter badly in a hum-box!” observed a second

“Nice chap for a small tea party!” suggested a third.

“Hasn't got a bad twist of his own, though!” remarked a fourth.

“Why do you flatter the gentleman?” remonstrated a fifth.

And a sixth might have made a similar observation, had not a sudden disturbance in the passage put a stop to the tributes of admiration which Mr. Pickwick's exemplary conduct had called forth.

"Not on no account!" cried a loud voice in the adjoining corridor. "You don't think to come that 'ere gammon over me, my fine feller—do you now? Vy, I should con-sider myself more vulgar than the beatesses in the field, if I vas to listen to your advice, as the chimbley-sweep said ven they asked him to dine at a radical convivial meetin'."

"Tupman, my dear fellow," demanded Mr. Pickwick, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and a glass in the other, "pray see what they are about now with my servant."

"Yes—do," echoed Mr. Crashem: and Mr. Tupman accordingly issued into the passage, where he found Mr. Weller disputing with a person who appeared to be the landlord of the hotel.

"Here's von 'o my mas'ers, you perwokin' French thief," cried Mr. Weller, touching his hat as the sleek and oily countenance of Mr. Tupman emerged to his view: "and now to the pint, my little cock-i'-vax, as the patient schule-mas'er observed to the scollard vich tried to shuffle off vith a parcel o' lies."

"What is the matter, Sam?" enquired Mr. Tupman.

"Just this, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "that this chap is a-tryin' to persuade me to grub vith my superiors, as if they vos my eq-vals."

"Perhaps it is the fashion in France, Sam," mildly suggested Mr. Tupman; "and while I think of it, the conductor of the diligence is himself seated at the same table with us."

"Then, in that case," exclaimed Mr. Weller, after a moment's reflection, "I may as vell do it as another, as the young prig observed to the old 'un ven he seed him filch a pocket-ankercher;"—and with these words Mr. Weller followed Mr. Tupman into the *table-d'hote* room, and seated himself at a respectable distance from his master.

"Very good spread, this," observed Mr. Winkle, casting an approving glance up the long table; "puts me in mind of a dinner on a race-course, or cricket-ground."

"Nothing to what you see in Turkey, my dear fellow," ejaculated Mr. Crashem. "There, the very omnibuses have *table-d'hotes*; and for a couple of francs you can dine, and go from one end of Constantinople to the other at the same time. Devilish convenient for the merchants, eh?"

Mr. Winkle nodded assent; Mr. Pickwick looked incredulous; and the sporting characters at the other end of the table signified their astonishment at Mr. Crashem's statement, through the *medium* of such expressive terms as "gammon," "blarney," "gag," &c. Mr. Crashem's lofty mind was not to be daunted by the conduct of that portion of his audience whose weak intellect could not comprehend the vastness of the enterprises undertaken by the Turks, and carried into effect by that very enlightened people; he accordingly assured the sporting characters "that they were no gentlemen," and hinted "that if his respect for the great man with whom he had the honour to travel did not withhold him, he should proceed to take summary vengeance upon their carcasses, without any compunction or mercy."

"He'll do that to-morrow," cried one of the individuals thus menaced.

"When he gets up a little earlier," added a second.

"Trust him," exclaimed a third: "he'll flare up about the same time that the Deccan prize-money is paid."

"Talking of the Deccan prize-money," observed Mr. Crashem to his friends, while his countenance was veiled in blushes, as the modern novelist says; "my father made his fortune by that business. Odd—wasn't it?"

"I suppose he was lucky enough to get paid," said Mr. Pickwick, eyeing his new friend somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh! d—— it, no—that would have spoilt all!" cried Mr. Crashem, emphatically.

"Spoilt all—how?" enquired Mr. Winkle, ever ready to gather instruction from those who knew more than himself.

"If it had been paid, there would have been an end of it," explained Mr. Crashem; "but the expectation, my dear fellow—the expectation was the thing! My father raised all his share with the money-lenders seven times over; and his most fervent prayer has ever been that the affair may never be settled. The delay is a good ten thousand a-year to him, thank God."

Mr. Winkle was about to express his astonishment at this little anecdote, and Mr. Pickwick began to fancy that the Crashem family was not the most immaculate nor particular in the world, when the *conduc-teur* finished his cup of coffee, and rose from his chair with the satisfaction of a man who had eaten a good dinner. This was a signal for the passengers to make an end of their repast; accordingly, Mr. Pickwick called for the account, and paid for himself, his friends, and domestic, and Mr. Crashem, that latter gentleman, with a view to promote the adoption of regular and proper arrangements, and to avoid confusion, having wisely suggested that there should be only one cashier, and having elected Mr. Pickwick by his single suffrage to fill that important and honourable post. And in laying these facts before our readers, it is but due to the memory of Mr. Pickwick, to declare that he acquitted himself in his new office to the entire satisfaction of him through whose interest he had obtained it.

The passengers resumed their seats in the diligence, and the vehicle moved onward at a more rapid rate than when it commenced its journey. The fact is, that the nearer the traveller approaches to Paris, the better he finds the relays of horses and the stables of the post-masters. But as Mr. Pickwick did not make this reflection at the particular time to which we are alluding, we shall hasten to pursue the thread of our narrative, and detail the circumstances of it in their proper order.

The dinner, or the wine, had apparently unlocked the tongue of the French gentleman who had hitherto remained silent. A casual observation which he made to Mr. Pickwick in very good English, enabled that immortal personage to discover that M. Dumont was neither an ill-informed nor an ill-mannered man; and as the conversation gradually assumed a more determined appearance of lasting some time, Mr. Pickwick and his companions were amused and instructed by the various anecdotes and tales which the before silent gentleman told in an easy but impressive manner. The topic of discourse to which he recurred more frequently than to any other, was the organisation and functions of the French Gendarmerie or Police; and on this subject he appeared quite at home.

"You may marvel," said M. Dumont, at the conclusion of an anecdote,

dote of which the notorious Vidocq was the hero,—“you may marvel at the apparant intimacy of my acquaintance with the private history of the French police; but your wonder will cease when I inform you that I myself am a Gendarme!”

“A Gendarme!” exclaimed Mr. Winkle, turning ashy pale, and almost falling forward on Mr. Adolphus Crashem, who uttered a similar ejaculation, and gave a similar start.

“Yes—gentlemen—a Gendarme!” added M. Dumont, with a laugh, for his oral organs had caught the sound of the sudden movement the declaration of his profession had occasioned, although it was too dark to distinguish the countenances which turned so very pale. “But you need not be afraid of me: I am in plain clothes now—and am returning to Paris to resume my functions as lieutenant of Gendarmes.”

“A singular life, Sir—is it not?” enquired Mr. Pickwick.

“Very,” replied Dumont, with something of bitterness in his manner; “so singular, that when I first became a Gendarme, I had to steel my heart against the supplications of beauty, the tears of innocence, the murmurs of despair! In the exercise of my duty, I had to tear a son away from his widowed mother—a daughter from her dependent sire—a parent from his young family. I dared not connive at the concealment of a crime—’twas mine to drag before a severe tribunal the young and the inexperienced as well as the old and hardened. Oh! Sir—at my knees I have seen an agonizing wife, imploring the release of a criminal husband—or a fond husband supplicating me to cheat justice of its due, and allow his wife to remain with him and her children. I have separated lovers—by leaving one to pine away in misery and woe, and by dragging the other to an ignominious doom. I have, in fine, closed my breast against those sympathies and amenities which fill your’s and your companions’!”

There was a pause of some minutes, when the Gendarme had ceased speaking, and a shudder passed over the individuals who listened to this strange avowal. The silence was at length broken by Mr. Pickwick, who enquired of M. Dumont how he had first become a member of the corps; and the interrogation, being readily answered, gave rise to the following tale.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GENDARME’S TALE.

HIS EARLY REMINISCENCES.—HECTOR DUMONT.—THE PREFECT OF POLICE.—HOW HE BECOMES A GENDARME.

My earliest recollections were none of the most pleasurable description. The noise of cannon thundered in my ears—the clash of deadly weapons filled my infant soul with alarm. As I have been since informed, I was seated on the stump of a tree near a pile of mangled corpses—the body of a woman lay at a little distance—and to those breathless remains I frequently pointed in as great an excess of grief as a child of my tender age could know: indeed, there is every

reason to believe that my mother was a sutler or *vivandiere* to the camp, and was killed by a random shot during the engagement. In the midst of that scene of horror, the whole extent of which my mind could not of course comprehend, a friendly voice addressed me—a succouring arm raised me from the ground—and a morsel of stale bread or cake was thrust into my hand. I looked up—and the tall form of a soldier met my timid gaze. He bade me follow him—I obeyed mechanically—and he led me to a place of safety, at some little distance from the scene of warfare, where he left me while he rejoined the fight.

In a short time he returned, and, in as soothing a tone of voice as he could assume, endeavoured to assuage my grief, declaring he would be a father to me. I may here mention that he was one of the Emperor's body-guard, and that his horse had been killed under him a few minutes before he had discovered me on the field of battle. That field was the scene of one of Napoleon's most glorious victories; and that battle was Austerlitz!

Dumont—for such was the name of the benevolent *cuirassier*—fulfilled his promise, and acted a father's—nay, more than a father's part towards me. But a severe wound, which he had received in a desperate attack against the Austrian guards, obliged him to accept a retiring pension, and return to France. He did not forget his little charge; on the contrary—I was a source of infinite amusement and delight to my worthy benefactor during a wearisome journey. His care was divided between me and his uniform—that uniform, which had been in many a hard-fought field—that *cuirass*, which had turned the edge of many a weapon—that brazen helm, which had protected his brow in many a desperate charge against the serried ranks of the enemy.

At length we arrived in the neighbourhood of Paris; and when the lofty domes and spires of the sovereign city met my eyes—child, infant as I was—I leapt with delight. A glow of patriotic ardour and pride—as he has since more than once informed me—passed over the features of the veteran *cuirassier*, when the hundred towers of that vast Babel broke upon his sight, beneath a heaven as calm and as pure as the blue skies of Italy. The excellent old man! he glanced towards the red riband of the cross of the legion of honour which adorned his breast, and anticipated in a flood of joyous tears the felicity he was about to experience, when surrounded by his friends, and receiving the congratulations of his numerous acquaintance on his honours and his safe return.

I shall pass over the particulars attending our entry into Paris, the circumstances of which did not make so vivid an impression upon my memory as the events immediately preceding. And now—as, indeed, I have done heretofore—I must frequently fill up those blanks, which would otherwise necessarily occur in the course of my early history, by the facts and incidents my kind guardian subsequently related to me.

With the produce of the booty Dumont had acquired in the Austrian campaign, and with the arrears of his pay, we managed to live happily for some time: but he, like an old veteran soldier who is far from indifferent to pleasure, was not very anxious as to the future. At length—shortly after the return of the army to France, and of the

Emperor to Paris—poor Dumont one day found that his exchequer was totally exhausted. Had it not been for his solicitude on my account, his countenance would not have lost one iota of that happy expression which was its chief characteristic: but when his eye fell upon my delicate little frame, the hardy veteran wept! In vain did he utter his usual oaths of "*Mille Baionnettes!*" "*Mille Escadrons!*" &c.,—in vain did he twist and twirl his long moustachios, and contemplate his red riband—all was ineffectual—he could not conceal his emotions—and he wept.

Ashamed of having given way to those feelings, which in reality did him honour, Dumont hastened to the Garden of the Tuileries, to saunter beneath the green foliage of the trees, and compose his mind to reflect with calmness on the difficulties of his position, as well as to consider what steps he ought to pursue.

As he was lounging up the secluded walk in the middle, which now affords that fine view from the centre of the palace to the Triumphal Arch at the end of the Champs Elysées, the sound of hasty steps approaching aroused him from a painful reverie. He raised his eyes from the ground on which they had been hitherto bent, and his careless glance encountered the light blue eye of a little gentleman dressed in plain attire, with a small cocked-hat, and the legion of honour's emblem in his button-hole. Dumont did not look at the stranger twice, but he immediately suspected him to be an officer, and saluted him accordingly; having performed which ceremony, he again cast his eyes on the ground in a thoughtful manner. The mark of respect, with which he had accosted the military gentleman, was however duly returned; and the following dialogue ensued.

"Who are you?" enquired the little man.

"Hector Dumont," was the reply; "lately one of the veterans in his Majesty's Imperial Guard."

"Where did you obtain that cross?"

"At Austerlitz!" answered the old soldier, keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground, as he awaited fresh queries.

"And what are you doing now? how do you live?"

Dumont related the history of his difficulties with unsophisticated frankness.

"Tis well!" said the little man, taking his tablets from his pocket: "where do you reside?"

Dumont mentioned his address, which his interrogator instantly wrote down, assuring the veteran at the same time that he should hear from him. A little of that curiosity, which we inherit from Dame Eve, now dispelled a portion of the timidity that Dumont naturally felt when conversing with one whom he knew to be his superior; and in a respectful tone of voice he said, "*Mon Capitaine*, I have now answered *your* queries: might *I* make bold to put one or two to you?"

"Proceed," returned the little man good-naturedly.

"Well, then," said Dumont, "I shall catechise you as you did me. What is your name?—Who are you?—Where did you obtain that cross?—And where do you live?"

"I shall reply as briefly as you have questioned me," cried the little man. "To your first query I answer, *Napoleon!*—To your

second, *Emperor of the French!* To your third, *When I first established the Order!*—And to your fourth, *At the Tuileries!*”

Dumont started at the solution of his first question, turned pale at the second, doffed his cap at the third, and sank upon his knees at the fourth.

“*Mon Empereur*—” he began; but his tongue clave to his mouth, and refused utterance to a syllable. He ventured to raise his head—the royal hero had passed on—and Dumont distinguished the Emperor hastily retracing his steps towards the palace, his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes inclined towards the ground.

“Fool that I was!” cried Dumont, rising—“not to have at once recognised Napoleon! But, as I live, he is much changed—and then I thought of nothing save mine own difficulties—he has certainly grown fatter lately—how affable and kind he was! to think that I should have spoken so familiarly to the Emperor—certainly, he *is* changed!”

Thus muttering to himself, Dumont hastily left the gardens of the Tuileries, and returned to his own humble dwelling, pondering in mingled fear and delight on his adventure with the greatest sovereign in the world!

Three days elapsed, and no tidings arrived from the Tuileries, as Dumont had been led to expect. But on the fourth morning, an *aid-de-camp*, followed by two men bearing a number of bags in their hands, entered our modest parlour, and enquired for “one Hector Dumont, late veteran in the Imperial Guard.”

“I am called by that name,” said the old soldier, rising from his chair, and saluting the *aid-de-camp*.

“His Majesty the Emperor sends you these,” observed the officer, turning to the two men who accompanied him, and pointing to the bags, which were immediately placed upon the table: then, without waiting to be thanked, the *aid-de-camp* and his followers retired from the house.

Dumont contemplated the bags for some time in mute astonishment. At length he arose, murmured a prayer to heaven to bless the source of such extraordinary bounty, and proceeded to examine his newly acquired wealth. In some of the bags were gold pieces called after the name of the royal donor; in others were silver coins of six francs each. The whole formed an aggregate of twenty thousand francs—being fifteen thousand times more than any sum Dumont had ever yet possessed otherwise than in his dreams.

Such is the early history of myself, and of the contemporary adventures of my benefactor. A detailed account of the education he gave me, the universal kindness with which he treated me, and the various trifling changes that happened to us both on account of the successive political vicissitudes in France from time to time, would only be tedious without affording you any extraordinary degree of interest. I shall therefore pass all this by—and, having skipped over the anecdotes of many years, shall conclude this brief sketch with the adventure which decided my future position in life.

* * * *

In the faubourg Saint Antoine, not a very great distance from the Place de la Bastille, was a small house, remarkable, amongst all others in the immediate vicinity, for its extreme cleanliness, the tranquillity

that reigned within its walls, and the happy seclusion in which its inmates dwelt. One evening—let me direct your attention to the little parlour of that respectable house—the supper was concluded, the servant was engaged in clearing away the plates and dishes, and the other two inmates of the room were sitting in silence, awaiting the departure of the domestic to commence their discourse. One was an aged veteran soldier, whose years had numbered some sixty-eight or sixty-nine; and the other was a young man of about three-and-twenty. The former was Hector Dumont—the latter was myself.

When the servant-girl had entirely cleared the table of its encumbrances, the old *cuirassier* lit his pipe, and motioned me to place the brandy upon the board. I obeyed, foreseeing at the same time that a serious conversation was about to ensue. Nor was I wrong in my conjecture. Dumont took several long whiffs of his pipe, drank a *petit verre de cognac*, and then addressed me as follows:—

“Alfred Dumont,” said he,—for I enjoyed, and still do enjoy the use of my benefactor’s patronymic, having none of my own,—“you are now arrived at that age when it is important to decide upon something for your future welfare in life. I have—thanks to the bounty of our great Emperor, many, many years ago—amassed a few crowns, and they have always been intended to forward your views, and place you in some honourable profession. I say *honourable*, because you bear my name;—it was never sullied, Alfred;—and I am certain you will not disgrace it. Therefore, my dear boy,” continued the old man, very seriously, “you shall not be a tailor, because he steals more cloth than he uses; nor shall you be a grocer, because he puts sand into his sugar, and the leaves of currant-bushes into his tea, so that when you think you are drinking real bohea, you are imbibing an infernal mixture of vile herbs. A baker grinds bones to mingle with his flour; and a wine-merchant uses log-wood to adulterate his claret. A sausage-maker patronizes dog-stealers and cat-killers; and a *huissier** throws people into prison. As for the army and navy, they are useless in times of peace.”

“*Mon Dieu!*” cried I, interrupting this fine dissertation on trades and professions, with a disconsolate look; “and what *does* remain, then, my dear father, for me to do?”

Old Dumont assumed an aspect so peculiarly knowing that one would have thought he had fallen upon an idea capable of confounding the politics of Talleyrand and Metternich themselves; and he winked his eye with such an extraordinary expression of cunning, that I imagined he meant to make a deputy or a judge of me at least. Full one minute elapsed in the execution of these telegraphic signs; and when he deemed it time to be more explanatory,—which measure was very necessary, considering the dull state of my comprehension,—I was on the tiptoe of curiosity and suspense.

“Alfred,” said he, with awful importance, “I have been thinking you had better become a—”

“A what?” cried I in breathless haste.

“A Gendarme!” was the solemn reply.

I could not help recollecting that my worthy benefactor had re-

* Sheriff’s officer, or bailiff.

fused to allow me to enter the profession, or embrace the calling of *huissier*, simply because it is the duty of that functionary to commit debtors to prison; and now he selected the *metier* of gendarme, whose chief employment consists in the pursuit and incarceration of felons. I, however, joyfully acceded to my guardian's proposal; for the handsome uniform, well caparisoned horse, and important character of a gendarme won all my affections.

"'Tis well, then," said Dumont, when my assent had been dutifully made known; "to-morrow-morning we will pay our respects to *monseigneur* the Prefect of Police; and I have no doubt but that in the course of a very few days you may don your bearskin cap, and brace your yellow belt round your waist."

"Pray what are the principal duties of a gendarme?" enquired I, anxious to be made acquainted with the intricacies of my intended profession.

"Obey the Prefect's agents without daring to pry into their secrets—ask no questions of your officers, save on points of duty—never drink at *cabarets* with strangers—stop every one of ragged and suspicious appearance, and demand his passport—always refuse a bribe, but accept a present—smoke a short pipe, well blackened—and when you are in a public-house, talk of the bounty of your sovereign, and suffer a few words relative to the greatest man that ever lived to mingle with the encomiums you pass on the present king."

"And with these instructions as a guide, you think I may make a tolerably good gendarme?"

"A tolerable one!" cried the old man, striking his fist upon the table with tremendous vehemence, so that the brandy-bottle and the two *petits verres* performed a *pas de trois*: "a tolerable one!" he repeated—"an excellent one, you would say!"

And here the conversation took a turn totally uninteresting to you, were I to repeat it.

On the following morning we dressed ourselves in our very best attire, and by the help of a rickety cabriolet and drunken driver, arrived at the Quai des Orfevres, where we were set down opposite a gloomy building, the entrance to which resembles the gate of a felon's prison. This was the *Prefecture de Police*. The ancient *cuirassier* bade me tarry a moment under the frowning arch-way, while he went forward to solicit an audience of the mighty man, in whose keeping were the most important state secrets of the kingdom. In half an hour he returned, and desired me to follow him. We entered the large parallelogram which forms the court yard of the *Prefecture*, and turned into a narrow passage on the left-hand side. This dark corridor led us to a small antechamber, where several other individuals were awaiting their turns to be ushered into the presence of the Prefect. I know not by what magic the deed was accomplished; but it nevertheless is a fact, that my worthy benefactor and myself were summoned to wait upon the Prefect the moment our names were sent into his office, to the great annoyance of many who were congregated in the antechamber, and were anxiously expecting to be favoured with an audience.

We were introduced into a small, but neatly furnished apartment, in the middle of which was a large mahogany desk, covered almost

entirely with red velvet. Behind this desk sate a little old gentleman with gold spectacles of considerable dimensions, massive chains to his watch, and a magnificent brooch in his shirt. An eye-glass was appended to a riband that hung round his neck; and his fingers were covered with rings of great value. He was dressed in deep black—his face was haggard and wrinkled—his eye was sharp and piercing—and his few thin locks were as white as snow. I shuddered as I gazed upon this strange being—and my eyes involuntarily glanced around those walls within whose circuit many a cruel mandate had been signed, many a deadly deed ordered to be committed, and many a purse transferred by the hand of bribery to that of corruption. The very decrees of Danton and Robespierre appeared to be traced in letters of blood upon the ceiling; and my imagination recalled to my memory the days of Fouchet. It is not to be wondered at, then, if I trembled as I stood in the presence of one of his successors, *Monseigneur de —*.

“Your business?” was the laconic question addressed to the veteran of the imperial guard.

“I have already had the honour”—began the *cuirassier*.

“Your name, then?” interrupted his lordship.

“Hector Dumont,” was the reply.

“I recollect: and that is your adopted son?” said the Prefect; then, without giving my benefactor time to answer this latter query, his lordship proceeded;—“and it is of him that you would wish to make a gendarme? Can he be faithful to his employers?”

“As the Newfoundland dog to his master.”

“Secret and daring?”

“Secret as the grave; daring as Napole—as—as a lion.”

“Proof against bribery?”

“As your lordship’s self.”

“And incapable of giving way to the dictates of curiosity?” continued the Prefect, with a faint smile at Dumont’s last simile, which he probably knew to be incorrect.

All these questions were answered to the satisfaction of the Prefect, and I was informed that in a few days my appointment would be named, and my commission duly forwarded to me at our residence in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. My excellent benefactor was overjoyed at the success of our visit, and when we were once more in our little parlour at home, he caught me in his arms, and embraced me long and fervently. I expressed myself in meet terms of gratitude for that and all other favours, and for the next two or three days dreamt of nothing but caparisoned horses, glittering swords, loaded carabines, and fugitive felons in whose pursuit I was engaged.

At length the promised *brevet* arrived, and the tailor was put in immediate requisition for my uniform, &c., &c. The old Dumont supplied me liberally with money to make the various purchases I required, and in the course of a week I was prepared to enter upon the performance of my new duties. I was accordingly appointed to serve in the *arrondissement* or quarter to which the *Prefecture de Police* itself belonged; and, my heart being elated with joy, I betook myself to my post. I was well received by my future comrades, who took all possible pains to initiate me into the mysteries of the profession, and make me familiar with my various duties

Since that period I have passed through a variety of changing scenes—have encountered a thousand singular adventures—and could relate tales that would soften into pity the heart of a misanthrope, —wring tears from the eyes of the most obdurate and unfeeling, and afford such a lesson to the young and innocent that no farther warning would be necessary to make them avoid the crooked paths of vice, and pursue the course of rectitude and virtue. At present I shall weary you no longer with my *égoïsme*—on a future occasion I may tell you more.

When the Gendarme had thus brought his interesting tale to a conclusion, he of course received the thanks of his audience; and Mr. Pickwick, in order to convince M. Dumont that he had been an attentive and sleepless listener, made certain comments on the incidents of the narrative, and discussed the whole transaction that had taken place in the Prefecture, as if he had been all his life familiar with the mysteries of the French police. But the conversation gradually became languid—Mr. Boozie declared that he was not at all sleepy, and then effectually contradicted himself by snoring aloud—Mr. Crasheem swore that he was too much accustomed to travel ever to slumber in a vehicle, and immediately tumbled into Mr. Winkle's lap—and Messieurs Pickwick and Tupman commenced an agreeable little duet, which they performed together through the *medium* of their noses, to the great satisfaction of M. Dumont. In fine, the passengers in the *interieur* were all soon labouring under the happy influence of Morpheus; and of this state of quiescence and oblivious beatitude shall we take advantage, to introduce to the reader a few of Mr. Pickwick's private notes taken by that gentleman at Meurice's hotel at Calais, and descriptive of the events immediately preceding his arrival at the town where he first burst in all his glory on the eyes of the great French nation.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. SNODGRASS PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A POET.—PARTICULARS RELATED IN MR. PICKWICK'S JOURNAL.—MEURICE'S HOTEL IN PARIS.
—MR. TIMS AND MR. SUGDEN.

To Mr. Pickwick's private journal we are indebted for the following particulars of his journey from Dulwich to Calais; and as every circumstance connected with either the private or the public proceedings of this extraordinary man is calculated not only to interest the reader, but also to instruct and improve his mind, we shall not omit a duty we owe to ourselves and to mankind in general, but shall execute the important trust, confided to us, with the utmost impartiality. We accordingly lay the following important memoranda before the public:—

PASSAGES FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF SAMUEL

PICKWICK, ESQ.

November 11th, 1834.—Awoke this morning at seven o'clock, and ordered Sam to bring me a bottle of soda-water. Felt exceedingly

thirsty, and a partial head-ache. Do not know whether the anxiety which we experience on the eve of travelling, or the port-wine I drank last night at Snodgrass's house, could be the cause of these disagreeable sensations. Questioned Sam on the subject, and thought he laughed sily. Excellent-hearted fellow, that Sam!

Was a quarter of an hour too early for my breakfast, so took up the biography of myself and friends, and glanced cursorily over the notes which I have prepared for my editor, "Boz." Found that in 1827 I had made Mr. Jingle declare himself to have written a poem on the French Revolution, which only took place in 1830. Could not mean the first Revolution, as Mr. Jingle was present (according to my notes) at the one of which he wrote; and he was not born when the first began. Must think of this: there is a grievous error somewhere.

Discovered another error. In the *memoranda* of a speech which I made on the night before my first sally-forth in search of adventures in 1827, I am represented to have said that "philanthropy was my *Swing*!" Now the incendiary Swing—the fabled illuminator of all the hay-stacks in the kingdom—had not then acquired his name, nor was he known. Must correct this error also.*

Made a hearty breakfast without any accident worth noticing, save that little James Weller, in playful sport, threw an egg on my tights, while his brother, in sympathetic mirth, decamped with my toast. Tupman and Winkle then made their appearance, and we prepared to set forth on our travels. Just as we were about to depart, received the following kind effusion from Snodgrass, written on pink paper which had been perfumed with musk. *Mem.*—"Tis the first specimen of his poetic genius I ever saw; but I always knew he *was* a poet. Indeed, I always said so,—and my friends thought as much.

"Pickwick, immortal man! 'tis thine
To foreign lands to pass;
And, pitiless, you leave to pine
Your own sincere Snodgrass!
Upon the paper, as I write,
My burning tears I sprinkle,
And ev'ry fervent prayer unite
For Tupman, you, and Winkle!

"Go,—Pickwick, go! 'Tis thine to brave
The perils of the deep;
And, oh! while thou art on the wave,
May whales and sword-fish sleep!
Thy mission is divinely plann'd—
Angels have echo'd, 'Up, man!
Go forth unto a foreign land
With Winkle and with Tupman!"

"Illustrious names! But thou, bright star,
To thee ten millions raise
Admiring eyes—on thee afar
Mankind is pleas'd to gaze!

* We are sorry to find that Mr. Pickwick omitted these necessary corrections; and that his Editor, "Boz," has also unaccountably suffered them to remain.

And Fame is ready to recite
The deeds that thou shalt tell her ;
Great planet ! with thy satellite,
Th' immortal Samuel Weller !

" Pickwick ! with Winkle as thy spear,
And Tupman as thy shield,
Armies of French thou need'st not fear
To combat in the field.
And when your foes, to danger blind,
Lie scattered on the sod-grass,
A laureate poet thou shalt find
In me—Augustus Snodgrass !

" Whilst thou art roaming far away,
In search of fresh renown,
And while I hear thy name each day
The topic of the town ;
Dull as a rush-light that appears
As if it had a sick wick,
'Tis mine to pass the day in tears
During thine absence, Pickwick !"

Read this effusion three times. Tupman, rather angry at being taken for a shield,—thought it alluded to the width of his person. Winkle in high spirits at the allusion to his courage. After all, Snodgrass is a very clever fellow.

At length safely mounted on the top of the coach, Tupman next to an old lady to whom he has already offered a biscuit, and Sam regaling the guard from a case-bottle full of brandy. Stopped at Shooters' Hill, and saw old Mr. Weller, who, in his own peculiarly native and original language, assured us that he is " much better in a public than if he had kept a pike." Could not help admiring the notice to travellers that is painted in large letters over the door of old Mr. Weller's inn. It ran as follows :—

" This is the house of Tony Weller—
Good stabling,—good beds,—and good cellar ;
All them as enters in it,
Would rayther stay an hour than a minute."

Strongly suspect Snodgrass wrote this : very much in his style. The grammar may have been perverted by the artizan who printed the letters. Nothing but poetry to-day.

Took a glass of ale with old Mr. Weller to drink his health—a *ditto* of bitters to correct the acidity of the ale—and a *ditto* of hot brandy-and-water to keep us warm outside the coach. Tupman insisted upon the old lady's taking a glass of *ditto* also. I did not see the necessity of this. Winkle joined us in each *ditto*.

Unfortunate gentleman, who sate near us, suddenly recollected he had forgotten his purse. He had known me intimately in my younger days ;—dined with my uncle, he said, fourteen years ago, with whom he had left his watch, and had never called for it since. Conversation turning on heraldic blazonry, unfortunate gentleman told me that his uncle's escutcheon bore the arms of Lombardy. Man of some rank,

I suppose. Asked me if I could lend him a *quid*. Assured him I did not carry tobacco about with me. Informed me that he had had a great many yellow-boys at his command once. A slave-owner, I presume. Lent him a sovereign: and Sam afterwards assured me that it was nothing but a *go*. By this he meant *trick*. Full of playful synonymes, that Sam!

Stopped and dined at Canterbury. Had time to visit the cathedral, so we all hastened thither, as the coach will not stop longer than a certain time. Missed our way. Stepped up to a beggar, who was holding a dog by a string, at the corner of a street, and offered him sixpence if he would show us the way. Beggar replied that he couldn't, but that his dog would. Looked at him in astonishment, and discovered that he was blind. Gave him some half-pence, declined to deprive him of so clever a guide, and found another. *Mem.*—This guide was a human being.

Canterbury cathedral is a very handsome building. Saw the blood of Thomas-à-Becket upon the very stone where his assassins murdered him. Sam informed us that he had been "put up to snuff"—as he facetiously expressed himself—about this matter, and assured me that the sexton made a point of keeping the said stone well coloured with bull's blood, so often as circumstances required. Tupman looked doubtful,—and Winkle expressed his unalterable disbelief of Sam's statement.

Proceeded on our journey to Dover. Tupman remarked that the Kentish girls are particularly fine. I do not know that he is altogether wrong. Travelling is in a very unsettled state on this road. The opposition coaches should be suppressed by government. The guard of our coach was perpetually telling the driver "to hit the horses on the raw, as they hadn't any friends!" Such cruelty to unfriended animals is perfectly atrocious.

Slept at Dover, and was grievously bitten by bugs.

November 12th, 1834.—Embarked on board a steam-boat for the first time in our lives. Became acquainted with a dark gentleman called "a stoker," who explained to us the principles and technicalities of the steam-engine. Cannot say that I perfectly understood the matter; but Winkle appeared to be fully at home with it, which was very astonishing when we consider his former ignorance of such engines. However, in case "the stoker's" elucidation may interest posterity, subjoin it, word for word, as I took it down in my note-book at the time.—"This 'ere furnance, gen'lmen, heats that 'ere water, and that 'ere water is in this 'ere biler; and that there pistern-rod is moved up and down by the steam from this 'ere biler; and them 'ere pisterns acts upon them rods, which turns the axles of the paddles, and the paddles their-selves in consequence."

"Then it is possible for a boiler to burst?" observed Mr. Tupman, with a very visible shudder.

"Possible!" exclaimed the man, as if he were deeply insulted by the bare doubt implied in my friend's remark. "I rather think it is possible—and what's more too, it very often *does* burst."

Feel myself bound to remark that Winkle manifests on every occasion a great regard for our several safeties. On hearing "the stoker's" reply to Tupman's question, he roared out "murder!" and, ran franti-

cally up the ladder to request the captain to put back: but "the stoker" qualified his statement in time, by assuring us that it was only in America such things ever occurred. We accordingly suffered the captain to continue the adventurous voyage.

In three hours—rather a long passage, I was informed, the French steam-boat beating us by five-and-twenty minutes, to the great annoyance of Captain String, who commanded the vessel in which we were—we entered Calais harbour. There is a long wooden pier of admirable structure on one side, and a small fort on the other. The pier is a mile in length, and is a favourite resort, the captain informed me, for the unfortunate Englishmen whose qualifications for exile have been obtained through the medium of certain little extravagancies and unpaid liabilities.

The spires of the town-hall, the light-house, and the tower of the church, are the most remarkable objects that strike the eye on arrival at Calais. The sky has pretty nearly the same appearance here as in England; and the colour of the ocean remains the same. The sand-hills on the right-hand side of the harbour as you go towards the town, form an interesting variety to the surrounding scenes, and afford a pleasant seclusion, where a duel may be fought in tranquillity without fear of interruption.

Having taken advantage of the momentous period when Mr. Pickwick and his companions filled the *interieur* of the diligence with a sweet concert of nasal music, to lay the above important notes before the reader, we must now request the same intelligent audience to suppose that the morning has just dawned, that the diligence is entering the episcopal town of Beauvais, and that Mr. Pickwick and his companions are awaking one after the other. An excellent breakfast at the above-mentioned place awaited them; and certain roast turkeys, game, pigeons, and bottles of wine, aided by little loaves of bread and large cups of coffee, were done ample justice to by the hungry travellers. Mr. Crashem enquired of the conductor how long the diligence usually waited; and on receiving a reply—through the medium of the waiter—that it could only tarry half an hour, he expressed his regret at not being able to call on his particular and intimate friend, the Bishop of Beauvais. Mr. Winkle sympathized in Mr. Crashem's mortification at this disappointment—Mr. Boozie remarked that it was an excellent turkey of which he was eating, and then declared himself to be in error, as it was a fowl—and the gendarme drank raw brandy with the conductor of the diligence.

"Fine mornin', Sir," said Mr. Weller, touching his hat, and addressing himself to his master, during the last five minutes of the prescribed half-hour, and when the travellers were about to resume their respective seats in the diligence. "Fine mornin', Sir."

"Nice and frosty, Sam," returned Mr. Pickwick, whose nose was blue with the cold. "Healthy weather, this."

"And seasonable, Sir," added Mr. Weller, "as the boy said ven he turned the cat out without her skin in the dog-days."

"Pleasant travelling, this, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick, smiling at his faithful servant's remark.

"Wery, Sir," answered that gentleman. "Von doesn't stand no chance o' gettin' von's brains dashed out on account o' extra welocity; and the osses gets along at a gen-teel and tidy pace. There's a gen'l-man in the im-perial along vith me as comes to Paris every fortnit or so."

"Some great traveller, I presume," said Mr. Pickwick; "or the correspondent of a newspaper—or a speculator in the funds—"

"Out again, Sir, as the parson said to his pipe," returned Mr. Weller. "He's a smuggler, Sir."

"A smuggler!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, Sir. A smuggler as deals in French vatches, and French gloves, and other small articles in the same vay."

Mr. Weller's explanation was cut short by the arrival of the *con-ducteur*, and when the travellers were again ensconced in their respective seats the diligence proceeded towards Paris.

Nothing of any consequence occurred during the remainder of the journey. The gendarme amused his fellow-travellers with a variety of interesting anecdotes; and Mr. Adolphus Crashem put them in possession of many important facts relative to his own family and the community of Turks amongst whom he had sojourned. He occasionally took them to Morocco, Algiers, or Tunis, and proved himself to be one of the greatest living travellers.

At about six o'clock in the evening, the diligence entered the first city in the world by the Faubourg St. Denis. At the barriers, the custom-house officers enquired if the passengers had any thing in their possessions upon which duty might be demanded; and on receiving answers in the negative, the vehicle was suffered to proceed. As it traversed the suburban streets, the shops gradually became more magnificent, the buildings more imposing, and the equipages more numerous; and when the diligence crossed the boulevards, a single glance on either side convinced the traveller that he was penetrating into the heart of a mighty, a great, and a populous city. With amazing rapidity did the diligence proceed towards the place of its destination, amongst a crowd of carts, hackney-coaches, cabriolets, &c.; and in due time it turned into the spacious yard of the Messageries of Laffitte and Caillard, in the Rue St. Honoré.

The baggage was speedily unpacked—the fares paid by the cashier whom Mr. Adolphus Crashem had so prudently elected—and a hackney-coach was speedily procured. M. Dumont, who had apparently conceived a great friendship for Mr. Pickwick, handed that gentleman his card ere he took leave; and Mr. Boozie, who, upon the express invitation of Mr. Crashem, had agreed to join the party and accompany them to Meurice's hotel, was rescued from a quarrel with the conductor of the diligence, the said Mr. Boozie having declared that he had paid the whole of his fare, and only recollecting his mistake and pronouncing himself "an infernal liar" when the clerk at the office was about to detain his baggage.

By the aid of a hackney-coach, the three Pickwickians, Mr. Crashem, Mr. Boozie, and Mr. Weller were conveyed to that queen of streets, the Rue de Rivoli, and were set down at the very gate of that prince of caravanserais, Meurice's hotel. It is true that M. Cailliez, the manager of that splendid establishment for the widow whose occupations are rather those of love than business, made a slight

grimace when he saw a simple hackney-coach instead of a travelling carriage stop at the entrance to the hotel; but his countenance immediately changed and assumed an expression of blandness and satisfaction, when the respectable form of Mr. Pickwick emerged to view. It is also true—and we will not attempt to deny the fact—that Mr. Pickwick's expressive face was spotted with mud—that his hair was unkempt, and his beard unshaven—that his shoes wanted blacking, and his gaiters a brush—and that, if he had not looked like himself—that is, like Mr. Pickwick—he might have been taken for a sheep-stealer: it is also true that Mr. Winkle looked most miserable, and Mr. Tupman most inexpressibly seedy—that Mr. Adolphus Crashem was most rakish, Mr. Boozie most stolid, and Mr. Weller most impudent; but it is equally true that they were all great men, and boasted as their leader, the most extraordinary one of the age. This, as they descended from the vehicle, must have struck M. Cailliez immediately, and probably did so; unless, as certain malicious commentators have observed, the quantity of luggage which accompanied the travellers—Mr. Crashem excepted—were the soothing conciliators in the mind of Madame Meurice's all-seeing deputy.

"This is Mr. Pickwick, Sir," said Mr. Crashem, in a loud tone of voice, addressing himself to M. Cailliez, and indicating Mr. Pickwick by inflicting a most violent punch between the ribs of that immortal gentleman, which caused the same immortal gentleman to give so sudden a start, that M. Cailliez put himself into a singular and graceful attitude of defence, not knowing whether a deadly attack were not meditated upon his person.

"This is Mr. Pickwick, I say," exclaimed Mr. Crashem a second time.

M. Cailliez bowed, and tried to look amazingly pleased, while Mr. Pickwick looked as amazingly foolish, being aware that a dozen English grooms, tigers, lacqueys, and dependants were grinning at him and his companions on all sides.

"Private rooms, gentlemen?" said M. Cailliez in very good English.

"Certainly!" responded Mr. Pickwick; "and let us have a chop as soon as possible; for—I don't know how it may be with you, Tupman—but I'm rather hungry."

"I once had a mutton chop," commenced Mr. Boozie, addressing himself to M. Cailliez, "which was not—but, no—I'm telling you a cursed lie—'twas a beef-steak, when I recollect—"

"Private rooms immediately, gentlemen," cried the bewildered M. Cailliez; while Mr. Adolphus Crashem reminded Mr. Pickwick that he had made a slight mistake in asking for a chop at Meurice's hotel. Mr. Pickwick immediately saw his error, and, by way of correcting it, desired his monitor to act as caterer for that evening.

Mr. Tupman now concluded a small colloquy that had taken place between him and Madame Cailliez, while the above conversation was going on—Mr. Winkle rejoined the party, having succeeded in intimidating a young gentleman of thirteen who was making faces at him—and Mr. Weller brought to a termination a slight dispute he had deemed it necessary to maintain with a German courier who spoke all languages; so that our travellers were prepared to follow the wondering M. Cailliez to the apartments he was about to conduct them to.

"It must be something very slap up," exclaimed Mr. Adolphus Crashem, in a menacing tone of voice, as the whole party followed M. Cailliez up a wide and handsome staircase to a suite of apartments looking upon the Gardens of the Tuileries, and not higher than the fourth floor above the *entresol*. Mr. Crashem's injunction had appeared to produce some effect; for when the extreme height of the said apartments from the ground was objected to by Mr. Pickwick, the first floor was immediately pronounced to be vacant.

"I am only afraid, gentlemen, objected M. Cailliez, "that you will find it *rather* dear."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Crashem, with a most noble disdain of expense; "name your own price."

"Only two thousand francs a month," answered M. Cailliez, with an engaging smile.

"Eighty pounds!" ejaculated Mr. Crashem, rattling an immense quantity of five-franc pieces in the pocket of his mysterious rough blue coat. "Well—that's not very dear, either."

"It is too dear for *me*," cried Mr. Pickwick, sternly, his forehead contracting into wrinkles and displaying to considerable advantage the large spots of mud that soiled his skin. "Let us take the fourth floor, and settle ourselves at once."

A bargain was thereupon immediately struck, and the travellers were speedily installed in their new lodgings.

It being now necessary to elect a general caterer and a general president, for the express behoof of the little community, Mr. Adolphus Crashem undertook the laborious functions of the former office, and Mr. Pickwick was of course nominated to administer those of the latter. These matters having been arranged to the satisfaction of all whom they concerned, certain necessary ablutions and changes of raiment were immediately voted as the next ceremonies to be performed; and then a copious dinner, under the inspection of Mr. Crashem, was served up. This repast was prolonged till about ten o'clock, at which hour the travellers retired, each to his respective couch, with a mutual understanding that they were to rise early and commence their rambles in the great metropolis of France.

At about nine o'clock on the following morning, Mr. Weller, armed with certain mystic tin-pots, containing warm water, knocked at the respective doors of Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, deposited one of the said mystic pots at each, and then proceeded to "call the Emperor," as he very respectfully expressed himself to one of the waiters of the hotel.

"What! is it already time to get up?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, opening one eye, and still sleeping with the other.

Mr. Weller replied in the affirmative, and Mr. Pickwick succeeded in opening his second optic.

"Wery 'ansome cab at the door, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, as he arranged his master's shaving *apparatus*: "and a nice little tiger I see in it, too," added the domestic.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick: "quite a tame one, I hope, though, Sam—is it not?"

"Oh! wery tame, Sir," replied that gentleman: "the fact is, Sir, you might play vith him, and he vouldn't be over dangerous."

"How delightful!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands: "I once heard that Kean had a tame lion; but I never knew before of people keeping young tigers."

"Not at all uncommon, Sir," remarked Mr. Weller. "The on'y thing that strikes us ven talking o' tigers, is, that them as I alludes to ain't real vons, Sir."

"Stuffed, I presume," said Mr. Pickwick, "and put into the cabriolet as an ornament. Very picturesque, I dare say."

"Out again, Sir," playfully observed Mr. Weller. "Them tigers air on'y small boys dressed up in tights and tops, Sir."

"Ah! I see,—a name for young servants," cried Mr. Pickwick. "But why are they called tigers, Sam?"

"To frighten away duns, Sir," answered Mr. Weller, seriously. "Them tigers are the quietest hanimals living, Sir, as long as their mas'er's friends calls at the 'ouse: but if so be a creditor has the oudacity to knock at the door, them chaps springs upon 'em like vild beastesses, and scratches their eyes out, or does them some other corporal harm, vich accounts for their nicknames o' tigers. Ven a tradesman brings in goods, they are ciwility his-self; but ven he is imprudent enough to ask for his money, no selvidges is vorser than them."

"Singular,—very singular!" cried Mr. Pickwick, gliding gracefully from his bed, and shivering from top to toe. "Cold morning, Sam,—is it not?"

"So cold, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, "that von is glad to put his hands any-vere, as the thief remarked ven he vos discovered vith his fingers in the gen'leman's pocket."

Mr. Pickwick's toilet was speedily completed, and he proceeded to the *salon* where he had dined the previous evening, and which formed a portion of the suite of apartments occupied by himself and his companions. Mr. Boozie and Mr. Adolphus Crashe were already waiting for his arrival to order breakfast, and when that meal was arranged on the table, Messieurs Tupman and Winkle also made their appearance.

"To-day we will devote to amusement," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling benignly on the assembled party; "and to-morrow, Winkle, you and I will transact the business with which your father entrusted you."

This resolution being seconded by Mr. Crashe and supported by Mr. Boozie, was carried unanimously.

"You'll rek-vire a walley, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, who was waiting upon his masters at the breakfast-table.

"Shall we, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick; "and why so?"

"'Cos I don't know nothink of Paris," returned that faithful domestic; "and I heerd say in the servant's room last night that there vos walleys express to conduct visitors to the wariuous sights, and to speak for 'em ven vanted."

"Very good, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick, approvingly. "You may as well go and see the master of the hotel about it; and let us have a carriage, if we can, in half-an-hour."

"Plenty o' vehicles to be had, Sir, I des say, in a town like this

'ere;" and with these words Mr. Weller departed to execute his master's orders. In about twenty minutes he returned, bearing the welcome intelligence that a handsome carriage and a *valet-de-place* were in attendance. Mr. Pickwick, followed by his companions, accordingly hastened down stairs, and were speedily ensconced in the vehicle, the *valet* mounting the box and seating himself next to the coachman, and Mr. Weller stationing himself behind the carriage, and dealing a perfect dictionary of signals and nods to the idlers in the court-yard of Meurice's hotel. Mr. Pickwick had left the entire arrangement of the Parisian tour to the *valet*, and the equipage was therefore put in motion forthwith.

The Chamber of Deputies was the first "lion" to which the travellers were conducted; and Mr. Pickwick made many valuable observations in praise of the arrangements he witnessed in the *salle* where the representatives of the first nation in the world were wont to assemble. The semi-circular form of the house, the place occupied by the president, and the position of the tribune whence the orator addresses the deputies, all called forth the warmest acclamations of one so eminently calculated to pass an opinion in such matters. Indeed—we are assured by Mr. Tupman, and the assertion is corroborated by the evidence of Mr. Winkle—that their illustrious leader would have caused the room where the Pickwickians were once used to meet to be laid out in a similar manner, if the Club itself had not ceased to exist. This remark subsequently reached the ears of the Minister of the Interior himself, and was duly communicated to the house as an instance of the candour and frankness with which illustrious foreigners speak of French institutions.

The Palace of the Luxembourg was the second edifice visited by Mr. Pickwick and his companions on this memorable day; and the Chamber of Peers afforded the hero of these memoirs another opportunity of making some of those remarks which for correctness and perspicuity are unrivalled in the lives of great men. The party was, moreover, considerably amused by the behaviour of Mr. Weller, who ascended to the eminent seat usually filled by Baron Pasquier, the president of the Upper House, and there performed such wonderful antics, that if he had not been taken for the president himself, he could only be recognised as Samuel Weller, son and heir to Tony of the same name.

To the magnificent church of St. Sulpice the travellers then repaired; and Mr. Weller would have given them a second edition of his amusing performances in the very pulpit of that sacred edifice, had he not been deterred from his intention by the remonstrances of Mr. Pickwick, and the sudden entrance of a coffin followed by a train of mourners on one side, and the principal agents in a bridal ceremony by another door in an opposite direction. The little party accordingly returned to the carriage, and the *valet-de-place* directed the coachman to drive to the Pantheon.

"What an elegant building!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in raptures, as he stood in the middle of the Temple dedicated to the memory of heroes, and gazed upwards to admire the vast dome above him.

"It only requires some fine statues to render it perfect," ob-

served the *valet-de-place* in excellent English. "But all the best specimens of those great masters—Jean de Juni and Gillis van der Riviere, or Egidio Fiamingo, as the latter is usually called—suffered in those times when the world was too addicted to Iconoclasm!"*

"And a wery nice vord it is," observed Mr. Weller. "Easily pro-nounced, and not at all difficult to spell, I should rayther think."

"A very pretty little amusement, I dare say," said Mr. Pickwick: "but pray is it out of repute now?"

"What, Sir?" enquired the *valet-de-place*.

"The game you alluded to just now," explained Mr. Pickwick, casting a glance of appeal at Mr. Tupman, who had turned away his head and pretended to examine the French inscription to the memory of the heroes of July.

"*Je n'y comprends rien!*" cried the *valet* with a shrug of his shoulders, and a lamentable distortion of his countenance, which appeared to be occasioned by the pity he experienced for those who did not understand a term he had invariably made use of, every time he was happy enough to conduct strangers to the Pantheon, during the last ten years of his life.

The Garden of Plants—Notre-Dame—and the Morgue were then severally inspected in their turns by our persevering travellers; and on every occasion did the *valet* seek an opportunity of displaying his erudition to advantage. But we will not fatigue our readers by an elaborate account of "the lions" of Paris. Suffice it to say, that it was five o'clock in the evening when Mr. Pickwick and his companions returned to Meurice's hotel; and as they had signified their intention of dining at the *table-d' hôte*, they were only just in time to wash and dress themselves in order to appear decently at the gastronomical ordeal through which they were to pass.

The signal-bell rang at the usual hour—half-past five—and Mr. Pickwick, followed by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Crashem, and Mr. Winkle, proceeded to the spacious apartment, where a table was spread for upwards of sixty people.

"Admirable display!" observed Mr. Pickwick, as he entered the room, rubbing his hands with delight.

"Not half so fine as my father's at Crashem Park," observed the heir apparent to the said territory.

"Ah! Sugden, my boy!" exclaimed a young gentleman, stepping forward from amidst a group of Englishmen with whom he had been conversing: "what the devil brought you here? Why—I thought you were travelling for the great haberdashers in the City, still! What were their names—though? Oh! I recollect—Bodkin and Grogram—to be sure!—But what *did* bring you here?"—and the stranger clasped Mr. Adolphus Crashem's hand with unfeigned delight.

"My dear Sir—really—now—" stammered that gentleman, his countenance changing from pink to white, and white to pink alternately.

"What! don't you recollect your old friend Tims?" exclaimed

* Image-breaking.

the stranger, eyeing the discomfited Mr. Craschem with a look of astonishment. "Lord—I knew *you* though, the moment you came into the room: and I'm deuced glad to see you too, into the bargain—for a better fellow as a commercial traveller in the haberdasher line, I will say I never knew. But, by the bye—does your father still keep the *Lanthorn and Cat* in the Borough, or has the old chap made his fortune?"

"'Pon my word, my dear Sir," cried Mr. Craschem, "you really have the—the advantage of me. I am not aware—"

"Now, now, Sugden, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Tims, still retaining his alleged friend by the hand and the button hole, "don't be oblivious, as the swell chaps say. Wern't you and I brought up together at the cheap school in Yorkshire? and didn't we both go as 'prentices at the same time—you to Bodkin and Groggram, and I to Gingham and Muddle? and, then, wasn't it in the same year that we set up as travellers?—By the bye, have you seen Muggins? he's in Paris—but he wouldn't do the thing genteel like you and me, and so he's lodging at an English chop-house in the Roo something—I forget which."

Mr. Pickwick had stood a silent spectator of this extraordinary scene, while Mr. Winkle expected every moment that Mr. Adolphus Craschem would fell to the ground the saucy stranger, who dared treat an aristocrat as a haberdasher's traveller, and the heir to Craschem Park as the prospective successor to the *Lanthorn and Cat*. But as Mr. Winkle was disappointed in his expectations, and as Mr. Pickwick had so far recovered from his astonishment as to be able to interfere in his new friend's behalf, both those gentlemen attacked Mr. Tims at the same time—with words, only, gentle reader—and endeavoured to make him believe that he was labouring under a mistake. But this was not a very easy task to perform; for Mr. Tims was convinced that the individual in question was no other than Bill Sugden, the traveller, and son of old Jack Sugden, landlord of the quiet and respectable "public" known in the Borough as the *Lanthorn and Cat*.

"I see where the mistake is," cried Mr. Craschem, recalling his bewildered ideas, and gradually recovering his presence of mind. "Allow me to explain the affair in private;"—and this much injured individual led Mr. Tims aside, and a hasty conversation in whispers immediately ensued between them, the result of which was that Mr. Tims assured Mr. Pickwick he had laboured under an error, and that there was not the slightest identity existing as to Mr. Sugden and Mr. Craschem. The whole party accordingly seated themselves together at one end of the table; and Mr. Craschem, in a true and amiable Christian spirit of forgiveness, treated Mr. Tims with the utmost cordiality and respect during the meal. Mr. Pickwick, however, looked suspicious; but the champagne was circulated so freely that even he relapsed into his usual openness and generosity of disposition, and shook hands three times with Mr. Tims and Mr. Craschem, ere the sixth bottle of Moët's best had been well discussed.

(To be continued in our next.)

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE,

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE SECOND.—NEWMARKET.

THE taste for general reading which is every day extending, and being more and more ministered to, by the increasing flood of miscellaneous writing which the press is hourly pouring forth, is destined to work far more important results than a superficial consideration would lead us to imagine. The objection to it, that the interests of science and useful knowledge are by no means likely to profit from books written simply for the purposes of amusement, is urged conventionally, not from conviction. The fields of science have not yielded a harvest that there were none to gather. They have not only been reaped, but gleaned with industry and care. There has been no lack of labourers to collect the rich stores with which they abound, but till the system of periodical publications became general, their combination and diffusion, the scheme of a literary commonwealth, was never effectually attempted. By civilization the social elements are converted into a mighty machine, in which the minutest particle of the complicated workmanship is brought to aid the general purpose. Each part of the engine is not equal in importance or value, but the meanest is necessary to enable it fitly to discharge its office. The theory of the social and the literary condition is the same. All are not poets, logicians, divines, or orators, neither would exclusive perfection in any of the liberal arts confer on him who had attained it now, the consideration with which such possession was regarded in the earlier stages of society. We contemplate with wonder and admiration the breathing marble which antiquity has bequeathed us; yet we feel that if the chisel of Praxiteles be no longer seen to compete with Nature, the skill whose object is to combine the useful and ornamental, is no inefficient substitute for that whose sole occupation was to embellish.

The principle here contended for, though its application is general, we will only consider with reference to the present literary state of this country. It is true that the system of education has undergone a great revolution during the last twenty years; that it is infinitely better than it was, there is no doubt; but that it is still capable of improvement,—that it requires great and radical reform,—is equally true. The literary food of our public schools is almost wholly composed of Greek and Roman compounds, with scarce enough of the leaven of modern learning to make it wholesome or palatable. The monopoly so long enjoyed by the classics will hereafter be looked upon as one of those chronological absurdities with which the page of history, in all ages, is defiled. It has often struck me as unaccountable, that the stage, whose proper office it is “to hold the mirror up to nature,” has not more extensively availed itself of the grotesque moral crudities which, within the present century, have been sent in shoals from our schools and colleges “into this breathing world, but half made up.” He who, born within the circle compassed by the sound of Bow

bells, is made to inquire, by what process a goose is enabled to suckle her goslings, might not without success have sought his counterpart on the banks of Cam or Isis. So far from such ignorance being a reproach, it was actually assumed that men might regard with awe the wisdom whose mighty labours and exalted studies soared above the concerns of every-day life. Of this style of affectation, a notable instance occurred at the last Spring Assizes at Norwich, when a judge of the land, addressing a jury, affirmed, that "he did not know the difference between a horse and a mare!" He who could perpetrate this folly is behind the spirit of the age in which he lives, no doubt, but it serves to illustrate the bias of early prejudices—it is typical of impressions which a perverse education engendered and left behind.

But how, it may be asked, do I associate the improved educational system at which we have already arrived, and which is so usefully advancing, with the taste for light reading so extensively promoted by the great diffusion of periodical literature? Nothing is of simpler solution. The character of works of this nature is suited to the times for which they are written. By portraying the habits and tastes of the various divisions of which society is constituted, they become so many graphic delineations, or charts, of real life in its present state and relations. As a traveller to foreign countries, with a knowledge of the language alone of the people he was about to visit, was his condition who drew from the works of fiction, professing to describe domestic manners and scenes during the last and the commencement of the present century, his ideas of the real business of life. That era was not without its Fieldings, Smolletts, and a few like them, content to deal with the world as they found it; but what could they avail against the whole population of Parnassus, who had donned their stilts, and set off on a wild-goose chase in search of the romantic, the sentimental, and the pathetic? The effect of the class of publications now so popular is to organize a healthy and a natural literary taste. Instead of appealing to the feelings and sensibilities through the medium of a maudlin, morbid sentimentality, they are intended to excite high and generous emotions by pictures drawn from nature, or to arouse a liberal spirit of inquiry, social and physical, from the consideration of which we may come with an accession of useful or amusing information. The consequence of a search after knowledge is always to create "an appetite by what it feeds on." The more we know, the more we find we have to acquire; hence the service bestowed upon the great cause of learning and science by such samples of the waters of life as induce us to drink deep of the Pierian spring.

To these important uses of the periodical press, many others may be added, more humble in their office, but not the less real in their advantages. How often would we be induced to the indulgence of a stroll in some green path, when, if the penalty for tasting the liberal air was to be paid for with the preparation for the public promenade, we would forego the pleasure and profit altogether. Again, where marble or granite might be found too costly, how many a graceful design would go undeveloped did there not exist materials of less price, whereof it could be constructed! While books maintained high prices, not only did much useful matter remain unknown to the many,

but much matter, good and profitable, remained unwritten, and consequently unknown to all. Nothing but the supernatural was held worthy the glories of the folio; the marvellous or the heroic, the honours of the quarto. Thus it came to pass, that men were far more familiar with what befell upon the plains of Troy than that which happened on the field of Runnymede; and many a fair youth, to whom Alma Mater had awarded his degree, though aware that black broth was compounded in Sparta, would have been sorely puzzled to expound to you the native county of Stilton cheese. Philosophers, poets, and historians, are the M'Adams of literature, who construct the high roads of the Muses; we are humble designers of here and there a path leading to some pleasant prospect, albeit, with no object beyond the mere hope that it may tend to dissipate an hour's *ennui*, at least by no unsuitable means.

From this figurative allusion to topography, if we turn to an actual consideration of it, like all other things sought to be acquired, we shall find how singularly meager is our real knowledge. To prove my position, did I say, "I will submit its truth or fallacy to an examination of your acquaintance with our own little island," you would smile in contemplation of your effortless victory. But had it been told you that there were scenes, societies, characters, and localities, in the metropolis of this country, of which you knew as little as of the social arrangements of Timbuctoo, what had you thought of such an assertion? Nevertheless, did I put these questions—"How long have you known that there are existing in London, schools at which the art of picking pockets is taught upon scientific principles, and lay-figures provided to practise upon?" "How fares your acquaintance with Bethnal Green, or Spitalfields? Are you aware that in these places are exhibited members of the greatest mart of civilization in the universe, herding together in communities as divested of all sense of decency as the naked savage, or associated for the purposes of wholesale, organized brigandage?"—what would be the reply of nine-tenths to whom the interrogatory would be addressed? The fact is, that our domestic information is much more limited than we are ever likely to find out, so long as we are left to ourselves. We think we are right well informed personages till some accident turns up and proves the negative. It is astonishing how almost exclusively the world, that is the English world, both in high and low life, is carried on in *coteries*. That is not exactly the word, but we have none that expresses the thing to be conveyed even so well. The scheme of society among us is conducted as if life were one great draught-board. All is apportioned and divided off into squares. The game played at, too, is regulated by pretty similar rules to those observed upon the board as aforesaid. The privileged orders are the kings, that move as it suits their interest or caprice; the common men, in both cases, are alike subject to restrictions, and destined to do their callings with all the odds sadly against them. This, however, is foreign to my object. My affair with the geography of life regards its social, not its political, condition; to this end I purpose introducing my readers to a spot of merry England, which, although the cynosure of rank, wealth, and fashion, to all out of its immediate circle, I believe is as little known as if it were our antipodes.

It was Charles the Second, the bravest gallant that ever wore kingly coronet, that built a palace and founded the metropolis of our great national sport at Newmarket. Could the walls of that quaint old *palazzo* but reveal a tithe of all they have heard and seen of the merry crown-bearer and his dark-eyed orange girl, by the mass we should have something besides "sermons from stones." But we cannot stay to speculate about what *was*, what *is* will be more germane to our matter, and more to the concern of those who desire such information as may be afforded *vivo teste*. And be it understood that such lore is by no means to be lightly thought of. The secrets of Racing men, things, and places, are matters not thought small beer of by their possessors, as any man may inform himself who takes the trouble to try the experiment of obtaining an answer to a question propounded on affairs professional to trainer, groom, or jockey. Such an estimate of their value did the late Samuel Chifney place upon them, that, having published a small pamphlet upon the Turf, containing some thirty or forty octavo pages, he affixed to it the trifling price of five pounds! For the information it contained, it would have been dear at as many pence; but as a sample of composition, to the curious in such *materiel*, it is a dead bargain. Any thing that has appeared in print, bearing upon the economy of this singular community, has been from the pen of foreigners; naturally enough, they are struck with its total variation from all other "cities, towns, and bailiwicks," and pour out their impressions in ink. Many might hold what such travellers have written concerning it as part and parcel of their accredited privilege—it is no such thing; Newmarket is as remarkable a social phenomenon as any part of the world can exhibit. It furnishes an example of the safe result of one of the most dangerous of all moral experiments—the meeting of the two extremes. There is nothing intermediate between the orders Patrician and Plebeian; still you see no inconvenience arising from such ill-assorted contact. A perfect unanimity directs these discordant elements; the Turf, like death, levels all distinctions; while the business of the course is in progress, "none is less or greater than another."

As you approach Newmarket from the Metropolis, you pass over its celebrated heath, which nature appears to have laid out, to the best of her handicraft, for the purpose to which it is applied. On your left lies the portion of it used as the various courses, and, scattered like angel visits, you perceive the different buildings appropriated to its professional details. These are fabrics of ancient structure, covered with red tiles, and proclaiming no upstart origin; the very rails which enclose the last three quarters of a mile of the far-famed Beacon Course are of a standing to claim respect. The turnpike-road which crosses the Heath, passes, at the toll-bar, about a mile and a half before you reach the town, through the celebrated Roman Dyke. This, too, would almost seem to have been designed purposely for the service of racing. The Heath is without shelter of any kind, except a small portion of it at the finish of the Round Course. This would have been a serious evil during the early Spring and Autumnal days, with their accompaniments of keen, biting winds, for horses brought from stables like hot-houses, and compelled, by frequent casualties, to wait long spaces before their engagements came off; but here the

Ditch avails for shelter better than any substitute that could be devised for it. Extending quite across the Heath, above which it rises between twenty and thirty feet, it has a snug lee almost in all winds, affording a shelter that defies the malice of the most pitiless peltings. Two centuries of care and profuse funds have done the rest; the sod is smooth as a billiard-table, and all the accompaniments perfect—but let us get back to the road, and hasten townwards.

Having passed a weather-beaten old edifice, built of brick and tile, known as the Duke's Stand (after its royal designer, the sporting Duke of Cumberland, who caused it to be erected for his especial behoof), a couple of hundred yards brings you to the termination of the Heath, whose limit is the town, and in the valley that lies before you extends, for half a mile, a broad road, with houses of various architecture on either side; that is Newmarket, consisting principally of one long street, whence a few narrow branches ramificate, leading to the different training establishments which are placed on both sides behind the town. And now suppose yourself about to commence the descent; with the Heath ended Cambridgeshire and began Suffolk. On either hand are buildings of a style for which you are not prepared. On the right rises a terrace crowned with mansions fitted for May Fair, all peopled from the Red Book; on the left is a row of a more unpretending character; among its many snug tenements, there is one that attracts you by its peculiar air of neatness and elegance, looking like a villa come down for a week's visit from Cheltenham or St. Leonard's—that is the *dulce domum* of Arthur Pavis, whether in person, household, horseflesh, or aught else that is his, among the natty, nattiest.

"But hold!" methinks I hear you exclaim, "why here are more bricks and mortar come a-visiting: surely that is an acquaintance from St. James's Street! is not its usual site adjoining the Guards' Club?" "Excellently conceived! it is Crockford's—that is to say, it is his *better half*—the shrine of his Penates, Fortuna being worshipped alone at the altar of the great city. It is here that the mighty fisher of men may be found, what time 'the hurly-burly's done,' when the season ends, and his occupation's o'er." "Again, what have we here? this *vis-a-vis*? is it but a reflection of that which but now we were gazing on, or are indeed your "Crockfords" multiplying infinitely? Now I look again, 'tis not the same; but then how singular the resemblance!"

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen."

"They are much alike, but this is a child of a lesser growth; this is a veritable *maison de jeu* (should the printer convert that latter vowel into consonant, it will answer my purpose by double entry) opened within the last three years by the brothers Bond." In quality of Asmodeus in these parts, it is proper that I episodize here briefly. Though I have spoken of its proprietorship in the plural, properly the concern should have been attributed to Ephraim Bond solely—he is the Newmarket partner, and well he does it. Here he may be seen with his first class team of young ones, having nine nominations in this year's Derby, and eight in the Oaks (double the number entered

by any nobleman in the land), his chariots and his horsemen, *and other necessities*, in which there hath been never Israelite of a better taste since the days of Solomon's glory. Of a surety the balm that was in Gilead cannot have lost its savour wholly! Israel is still a chosen people. Here is a scion of the circumcised, who, but a few short years ago, was wont to visit Newmarket with a pack at his back, an itinerant pedlar, a wandering Jew, vending sponges and pencils, now, in all the circumstance of appearance, cavaliering it as bravely as any "baron or squire, or knight of the shire." I set down naught here in disparagement, for, from all I have heard and believe, Ephraim Bond has many, very many excellent qualities. If he meet one who, knowing not the value of his proper monies, wilfully sets them upon the hazard of a cast, why he may as well hook up the "jetsum and flotsum" as another. But having profited by the spendthrift's folly, in the day of tribulation he will not remember to forget him. I know that full often he has acted the good Samaritan by those who have been utterly neglected in the hour of their sorest need by the crowds who have eaten of their bread and drank of their cup. If the motives which often lead him to the Bench, and other Metropolitan prisons, were known, they would put to shame many a self-exalted Pharisee, who would take shame to interchange courtesy with the warm-hearted—sinner an you will. There is nothing of the badge of his tribe about him; you see a well-manner'd, off-handed, devil-may-care fellow, the Macheath of the Knights of the Green Table. Look at him, as he caracoles upon his milk-white Arab towards the Ring formed at the Duke's Stand, and where is the Lord Anything in the alphabet can do it with a better bearing!

A little below Crockford's, on the same side of the street, are the Jockey Club Rooms, presenting a very unpretending front, but both spacious and elegant within. It is there that all the business of the Turf, appertaining to Newmarket, is transacted, at the time generally chosen by Englishmen for arranging their most interesting affairs,—namely, after dinner. As a Sporting *re-union*, it stands alone. In the spirit with which Racing is supported, and the extent to which speculation is carried, America bids well to be a formidable rival to "the old country;" but they are nationally debarred from tasting such an essence of the aristocratic, and though there be no lack of nobility upon the Continent, God knows, still there is neither the *materiel*, nor the taste even, to get up an indifferent copy of our original. This Club, numerically the smallest in the kingdom, is more like a family circle than such societies upon the scale common to the Metropolis. Its members, with a few solitary exceptions, are persons of distinguished positions in the *haut-ton*. By the name, the nature of its object is conveyed; perhaps, did we pass the threshold, it might be found that the Turf did not monopolize the attention of all within its precincts, but it is dangerous to trespass, "man-traps are set in these grounds."

Beyond the rooms, still on the right hand, we come to the palace, as I have said, built by the second Charles. I should have written it, rebuilt, inasmuch as the founder was James the First, after whom Charles the First occupied it, when in the hands of the parliament. It is quite in the style of the age to which it belongs, with not half the taste about it that goes to the construction of a modern dog-kennel.

An old associate and equerry of George the Fourth is the permanent inhabitant, the Duke of Rutland taking up his abode there only during the meetings. What a contrast must its "deep solitudes," broken only by the bat and cricket, offer to Colonel Leigh's memories of Carlton House and its voluptuous Saturnalia! Passing the Rutland Arms—the Clarendon of the town—and turning down a narrow street branching to the right, you arrive at two as perfect specimens of sporting residences as taste could design or wealth execute. The first belongs to Samuel Chifney, the well-known jockey; the second, to his brother William. They were both built by the Duke of Cleveland, I believe, for whom latterly Sam rode exclusively, while his Grace's horses in the south were trained by William. They have, since the bankruptcy of the brothers, been sold, and it will be some while, I shrewdly guess, ere Newmarket beholds one of the cap and snaffle lodged after the fashion of "old Sam," as the lads were wont irreverently to designate him.

A few of the noblemen connected with the Turf have villas in the town, but the greatest proportion occupy lodgings. Lords Exeter and Berners have private establishments, and the Duke of Rutland, as I have said, occupies the palace: a house or two on the terrace, and about as many near the rooms, are let to regular visitors, but the chief part is very humbly roofed. It is amusing enough to see the effect this has upon the ladies' maids and gentlemen's gentlemen. If ever misled as to the genus by the fine feathers of a mincing pedestrian, I run any risk of confounding Joan with my Lady, the supercilious look with which the lowly tenement is recognised, and the jerk with which the handmaiden is saluted who answers the summons at the portal, at once assures me the Abigail. To a Londoner (and sometimes accident induces such an exotic to migrate hitherwards) the social disposition of things is peculiarly striking. The denizen of modern Babylon, used to glide along the crowded thoroughfares where the human flood rushes unobserving and unobserved, finds himself, with wonder, among a company of which each is known to the other, and of which no member passes another without courteous recognition or friendly greeting. To the stranger, at first, this is perhaps an uncomfortable perception; no loneliness being so absolute as the solitude we feel in a crowd. But, in the end, ample amends follow this temporary annoyance. We soon glide into notice—into acquaintance—into cordiality, and then comes that sentiment of satisfaction—English and unamiable, as some are pleased to pronounce it—with which we are prone to regard admission into a society fenced with aught, however conventional, which implies the possession of some especial qualification in those who are made free of its privileges.

We shall not easily find the parallel of a community where all is exotic, and opposed to the ordinary course. Here it is *all* high life: above stairs, below stairs, and in the out-buildings. The state supported by the leaders of the Racing world is sufficiently denoted by the position they occupy in society: the style in which the trainers and jockeys live may be imagined, when it is understood that among them the course of income varies from two thousand to five hundred a-year—(I should say certainly nothing under that latter sum is earned even by the boys who rank as regular Newmarket riders)—and they have

not the expenses of servants and equipages incidental to others similarly situated in a pecuniary point of view—and then for the latter, the aristocracy of the stable, unless it be in the harem of the Sultan, where are there those that are tended and cared for as they are? I happened to make one of a party that recently visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, our principal object of curiosity being the newly-arrived ourang-outang. While we were paying our *devoirs* to the sylvan *satyr* (and mortal *satire* “imitating humanity most abominably”), a lady expressed her compassion for the keeper, who is under the necessity of constant attendance upon it. As we returned homewards, I gave her a sketch of the economy of a training stable, and proved to her, that not one of the hundreds of silken-coated coursers that excite her admiration at Ascot or Epsom but costs as constant and as vigilant solicitude as the odd little fairy which we had been examining. “I thought,” said my fair companion, “that all you did was to give them plenty of hay and corn, and rub them down: only to think all the trouble there is with them!” We smile, it may be, at this *naïve* admission of ignorance, but its principle will be found pervading all the walks of life. Experience, after all, is the great master. Before us stands a *chef-d'œuvre* of the chisel; we look upon the statue that, in all its exquisite perfection and harmony of parts, seems to us as though it were “created not made:” our eye is on a page where the numbers flow in softness and melody like the streamlet from a green hill's side: nature lives again on the canvass that hath consigned full many a name to immortality: our senses are charmed, we feel the pleasure which these things bestow; but, ah me! how few among us all know “the trouble there is with them!”

We will now take a day, selected from the constant routine which here assimilates the practice and occupation of all, and portray, to the best of our ability, the scenes and the actors in it. The hour is ix, A. M.

“The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May!”

Those who in town are wont to seek their couches at such division of the dial, here are up and stirring for the Heath. This should have been written in the plural—the exercise grounds lying on both sides of the town, and they are the fashionable rendezvous before breakfast. The town is all alive now; hacks are being led in front of the various residences already described, with here and there an open carriage in waiting, for the sporting *élite* of the softer sex, who make personal recognizances, and select upon their individual science, such as they mean to back or lay against. The “strings” from the different stables are brought out, but the aim of all is, as far as it is practicable, to avoid being subjected to the general scrutiny. As soon as a team is “set off,” all is on the *qui vive*: should there be a favourite for any of the great stakes in it, the interest excited by the “going gallop” is extraordinary. Where a point of 'vantage offers, to observe how the favourite gets his legs under him in climbing a hill, or lays himself down to his work on the flat, you find it occupied by the whole force of the cognoscenti. All that passes is spoken in whispers: there is the anxiety that watches for a performance of promise, and that which is on the stretch to detect a deficiency in action, kindness, courage, wind, or lasting. Here too may be seen the “tout” in all his sibylline pomp

and circumstance. Haply he has caught a genuine Cockney, or something promisingly verdant from the provinces. To see him "pitching it strong" into the "bit of fresh" would be a wrinkle for our Momus of the easel, Crowquill, and I hereby require that he do hold himself engaged to me for the next Epsom meeting, when I will introduce to him a sample hight "Ginger" of a genus he shall admit hath never been dreamt of even in his eccentric philosophy.

As the term "Tout" by no means carries its office along with it to the eye of the uninitiated, and as Johnson would be consulted in vain, something explanatory must be given with the name. Utterly monstrous as it may seem, the vast sums of money that weekly are speculated on the Turf, are indebted for their value to a set of scamps with whom lying is universally known to be a profession. The understood calling of the "Tout" is that of obtaining, by actual observation, an insight into the capabilities of the horses in training in the neighbourhood whence he undertakes to supply intelligence. To this end he is supposed to watch them at exercise; to steal a march upon their trials, if it be possible; to know such as are in work and such as are not; to have a quick eye to their action, to detect whether they train on or off. Added to the talent and industry necessary in a work like this, integrity is essential, and what is the character of the man generally found in discharge of an office of such vast responsibility? He is an idle vagabond, shunned like a pestilence by every one connected with a training stable from first to last. He is an ignorant clown, who hardly knows a hawk from a handsaw when sober, and a dissipated sot, who is never in that state when he can accomplish the means of getting drunk. Were I examined on oath, as to the parties that I could affirm were most ignorant of every thing connected with the business of Racing at Newmarket—that is to say, as it has reference to the interests of speculators,—I could have no hesitation in answering, "The professional Touts." Is the brand of the Galleys an introduction into good foreign society? Is the cry of mad-dog likely to induce you to harbour the animal to whom it is applied? and if not, what is a marked "Tout" probable to accomplish of a training-stable beyond a smell of the litter that happens to be to windward of him? Yet it is to these men that almost all the fluctuations of the odds, during the season, owe their origin! We read that such a horse is backed by his party, and that he consequently gets up;—this may now and then happen, but four-fifths of the changes are effected by those who "get the office." Even if we suppose a "Tout" diligent and honest—and, as credulity is said to be infinite, such a thing may be imagined—even then it hardly requires an attempt at manœuvring to deceive him, because, at the best, he is working in the dark. For example, in the course of the season before last, a party having a favourite in a great Stake, was desirous of "sending him back" for the purpose of getting his money on upon better terms. To effect this, he caused a tight shoe to be put on one of his horses, that in colour and size resembled the favourite. Upon the one thus purposely lamed was mounted the lad who was always in the habit of riding the other at exercise. Forth limped the bait, and it was taken on the instant. An express was sent off to Tattersall's—long odds were eagerly laid, and not till after the lame steed came out "as fresh as paint," and won his race gallantly, was the *ruse*

ever suspected. There is no rule in Racing to prevent such a thing as this being done: the present impression seems to be that all is fair on the Turf, as in love and war. It has been my object to organize a more becoming spirit. Special pleading should never be allowed to mingle with the principle of an English gentleman's recreations. He who permits a fact to remain misunderstood, or a misconception to continue uncontradicted, perpetrates, in my estimation, as overt an act of dishonour, as he who fabricates and circulates a wilful falsehood. The day is not remote when many an event, that has passed muster in our memory, would "fright the isle from her propriety."

Soon after breakfast the vicinity of the rooms becomes populous; once or twice during the week Mr. Tattersall's pulpit is planted opposite to them, and an extra supply of strangers, "bearded like the pard," proclaims a sail of blood-stock, when we are sure of a miscellaneous crowd. This is also the era of settlement; on every side are hands bearing precious paper, of which a Stoic transfer is in operation that would have put to shame the bile of Zeno. With noon comes the great adjournment, and as the course, over which the first race is to be run, is near or remote, the move is arranged so as to admit ten minutes' traffic at the betting post, before the event comes off. Never was a more animating sight than the cavalcade that, as by machinery, winds onward through the broad and cheerful street. Gallants, all life and excitement, with hopes, anxieties, and fears—dames and maidens, albeit not indifferent to the sports they are about to witness, but still not unmindful of the first great purpose.

Spectatum veniunt: veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.

Ascending the hill by which we entered the town, as soon as that is left behind, an open space lies in front, over which, leaving the high road on the left, is the commencement of the Heath. On the right, in front of the course, stands a range of stabling, the rubbing houses of the Beacon Course; a little further onward is the Stand, weighing-house, and judge's chair, and opposite to them the Jockey Club Stand, serving for the Beacon; three last miles of ditto; last mile of ditto; Ditch In and Audley End courses. There are eighteen courses altogether, laid out over various parts of the Heath, which, however, with the exception of the Beacon and the Round Course beyond the Ditch (save during a race being run over them), have no local habitation to the eye of the stranger. Skirting the B. C., which runs at your right hand like a woof of Persian velvet, you next arrive at the Duke's Stand, of which you are already instructed; and then, away before you, in front, and on either hand, spreads the magnificent Flat, with one exception (the Curragh of Kildare, the Irish Metropolitan Racing ground), the finest piece of Turf in these dominions. As you proceed towards it, you pass also, on the right, the weighing-house used for the races over the Flat, and perceive in the distance, under shelter of the ditch, the saddling-stables appropriated to it. By this arrangement, races over the Flat at Newmarket are run upon a plan unknown elsewhere, and unequalled for its convenience. The horses are saddled at a point opposite to which is placed the weighing-house, which must be their destination as soon as their race is over. Mid-way between each lies the course upon which they contend, and, having

passed the goal, they are gently eased from their speed up the rise that finishes at the weighing-house, whence they are walked to their stables: thus, as it is seen, every stride taken after saddling is so much of the horse's way home. However, it will not answer to anticipate at this Derby pace.

Emerging from the high ground, the gallant cavalcade now spreads over the green and elastic sod "in most admired disorder." The pleasure-seeker caprioles upon his wanton bit of blood, curvetting "to witch the world with noble horsemanship;" business-men, with heels a-going, essay to keep up the steam of their sorry hacks, for your regular Turfite, at a race course, is always the worst mounted to be found there—all he wants with a quadruped upon such occasions is a trooper like to that of Grizzle, which will bear all the pokings and jostlings of the Ring as gently as the Bronze Horse in Pall-Mall. I remember once, by accident, overhearing Crutch Robinson soliloquizing upon a fidgetty devil that he was in vain coaxing to behave like an animal that knows what is required of it, adjacent to the betting post of the T. Y. C. "Be easy," shouted Crutch, in his *blandest* style, "be still, there's a good soul; d—n ye (and here he gave his pony a poke in the head *con amore*), run, I've lost a hundred already because this infernal brute turns his unhappy carcass about before one has time to say 'Done' to an offer fifty per cent. good upon one's book: I'm a nice man,—ain't I? to go to give ten and sixpence for the accommodation of losing a hundred pounds!" The jocks that ride in the first race are seen with their saddles slung at their sides, and already capp'd, making the best of their ground for the saddling stables; our Cambridge men are also tending, railway pace. By the bye, these same Cantabs are *the* most uncommon fellows to ride that ever cultivated pigskin;—meet them where you will,—let their hoofs be on Mac Adam or "the heather," it's all the same; there they are, stuck down *chuck* upon the fork,—elbows squared,—feet rammed home,—twenty miles an hour, including stoppages;—and, moreover, there be not such hackneys beneath crisp Heaven as those procurable at that same Cambridge (my friend Ben Jerdan shall serve you with one that shall run away with you for the length of a summer's day); and now solve me this an ye can:—"of this excellence shall the ruthless riding be cause or effect?" I am indifferent on these subtleties, and have arrived at the former conclusion, on which account I allow myself (lest I should not do justice to my courser) forty minutes over the twelve mile stages between Cambridge and Newmarket.

That absence of purpose by which many of my *dramatis personæ* seem affected, has drawn me too aside from the actual description with which is my proper occupation. We are now arrived at the betting post belonging to the course peculiar to the race upon the *tapis*. It may be that some eager speculators have assembled round one of the authorities,—the oracle-breathers of the ring. Instantly a crowd gathers about him, establishing a temporary 'Change. Anon, the clerk of the course is heard: "To the post, gentlemen, to the betting post: you must not get near the course with your wagering: I should have thought you had known better." A move is effected, and regular business is opened. *The ring* here is upon the exact principle of that observed in physics:—the more empty the vessel the louder the sound

which it makes. With book in hand, and portentuous visage, each Leg is indefatigable at his *calling*. It is but due to Crutch Robinson that I state, of all his fraternity he is certainly the least obtrusive. I do not mean to convey that his *mauvaise honte* interferes with his interest, but he does not amaze with his scarlet impudence, which is no small praise under the circumstances. Crockford is almost in every instance the cynosure. On him all attention rests, and whatever he quotes becomes at once current with the lesser *fry*. If he give utterance to the odds he will take *sotto voce*, then rises to the empyrean the clamour of the Legs in the secret proclaiming that they will take a point higher than his quotation, in the knowledge that, should the careless wight exclaim "done," they are safe of an instant hedge to profit. As I shall have to people another part of this sketch with the industrious classes, both amateur and professional, belonging to the Ring, we will pass here from the consideration of its individualities. All that has reference to racing is here perfect—that is acknowledged on all hands, yet, strange, its arrangements are not followed at any course in England. In this instance of the betting ring every where else it is a nuisance to some party or other,—here it is convenient to all. At Epsom it is a mile from the winning post, and the charge of cavalry from it on the Derby day is a truly fearful sight. At Ascot they wager away inside the ropes, on foot, of course, with the flaps of the culotte pockets proclaiming to the light-fingered—

"Pop in your thumbs,
And pull out the plums."

At Goodwood and Doncaster they are so contrived, that, while traffic is going forward, no lady can make her neighbour hear with using a speaking trumpet.

We have spoken a talismanic word, and we yield to its magic. Lo tiny phaetons—with their small steeds faultless in symmetry, and perfect in all the adjuncts of stylish equipage, skim the emerald carpet that salutes with fragrance the passage of its graceful burdens. They hasten towards the saddling stables: come with me thither, I will open to thee England's own Book of Beauty: where more appropriately than on the arena of our first of National Sports could'st thou be permitted to gaze upon our native Flowers of Loveliness?

(To be continued in our next.)

LINES.

'Tis hard to bid adieu to those who gave
Life, light, and happiness, and infant joys;
To mark them gliding swiftly to the grave,
And see the clouds of death hang o'er their eyes!
The child will weep e'en when some fav'rite dies—
A bird—a flower—which he may rear again:
But when the spirit of a parent flies,
Whose love in future he will seek in vain,
How deep his sorrow is! how exquisite his pain!

LETTERS FROM GERMANY AND BELGIUM.

Sept. 1836.

NEARLY all the travelling portion of the community are destined to behold this district of Germany more than once, and as you may shortly be expected to commence your touring, I shall briefly presume to hint how the romantic Rhine may be most advantageously viewed. On the first occasion, therefore, sail up the river, and see it unexcited by the juice from its banks, as the scenery alone is, for the first time, sufficiently intoxicating; and the slow progress of the boat against the stream is then a decided advantage. Sailing up has also this further superiority, that the mind is gradually and pleasingly prepared for Switzerland; whereas, immediately after having been there, even the Rhine scenery would appear somewhat tame. On the second occasion you may sail down, increasing the effect by a bottle of Hock; and, although you need not hope to find the true *Johannisberg*, yet what is sold under that name is generally of the most desirable quality. The rapid progress of the boat, gliding with the stream, and the increased circulation of system thus caused, could hardly fail to create such a delightful confusion of mind that the scenery would quickly acquire all the charms of excited novelty. Immediately above Bingen the Rhine's more decided attractions commenced; but this river is not one of those beauties that appear to the greatest advantage in tears, of which superabundant showers were to-day rained upon us. Half the curious of the world of travellers stop a day at Coblenz to see the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, which is styled the German Gibraltar, and was rebuilt after the year 1816, at the expense of the French, who had previously destroyed it. This and the surrounding forts, named after the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance, cost the French government, according to our guide, a sum which appears too enormous to mention on such questionable authority. The position is very commanding, but of the strength military eyes alone can judge; the duke of Wellington is however reported to have said that iron balls could not take it, and against the golden balls to which treachery yields, no place is proof; but the doubly gallant duke doubtless considered that too base a metal to be employed in glorious warfare. The view from the castle is very fine, and extends several miles up, and many miles down the Rhine; showing thirty towns and villages; while, immediately opposite, stands the beautiful bridge which crosses the Moselle, diminished by distance to the semblance of a toy. These rivers differ as much from each other in their colours, as do the Rhone and the Avern at Geneva; and also flow side by side for a mile or more, a stream of mud hemmed in by one of comparative clearness, and mutually disdaining to mingle their waters on a first introduction—indeed it appears as though the aristocratic Rhine was rather shy of its less dignified companion, and presses up the Moselle into somewhat less than her natural space, against the low west bank of the river. Ehrenbreitstein, and the neighbouring forts, contain about five thousand Prussian troops, and on a late occasion 25,000 men are stated to have been reviewed in the opposite plain.

The monument which the French erected at Coblenz, in 1812,

pompously to commemorate their expedition to Russia, has been travestied, and seems to be the only object of interest here; while it speaks more than volumes could do in favour of the taste and elegant satire of the Russian general who inscribed the following simple addition: "Seen and approved by the Russian commander at Coblentz, in 1814." Such are the rapid fluctuations of war. Coblentz is a dull town of 16,000 inhabitants, and was, previously to the French revolution, in the territory of the elector of Treves; while under Napoleon, it was the principal town of the department of the Moselle. Since the congress of Vienna, the Prussian government has, from political considerations, permitted these provinces allotted to it on the west bank of the Rhine to continue to be ruled by the code Napoleon, which is much more popular where it has once been established than the law of the older parts of the state.

This season will, it is feared, prove a most unfortunate one for the proprietors of vineyards on the Rhine, as it is believed that there can be no wine fit for exportation, while the white grapes in many situations are scarcely expected to yield more than will repay the labour of cutting them. There appears to be, on an average, in this quarter only about one very good wine season in six or eight years; and as 1834 was favoured by the sun, it is as yet too soon to hope for another vintage of first quality. The vineyards and farms along the Rhine, as well as generally throughout this district of Germany, are happily chiefly owned by those who cultivate them; but it is alleged that the ingenious wine merchants of Frankfort, Mayence, and Cologne, derive the principal benefit from the enormous prices which the English, French, and others, pay for their fanciful Rhenish wines. Thousands of our countrymen have had, it is believed, reason to regret purchasing their Hock by samples tasted on the banks of the Rhine instead of the Thames, when the London docks overflow with the best produce of every district—procurable at prices which may be called moderate, as compared with those charged to private English purchasers abroad.

It has been stated, that so many as 75,000 English recently visited the Rhine scenery during one season, so that it is little to be wondered at, that the Italians and others should dignify them with the title of the Zingari, or Gypsy English. Though, geographically speaking, the Rhine is a noble river, yet, for purposes of scenery, it may be said more to resemble a succession of beautiful lakes, changing every few minutes as the vessel follows its windings; and were a traveller, by enchantment, to be conveyed to the deck of a steam-vessel, he would certainly suppose himself on a lake rather than a river; for so closely is the stream hemmed in by hills on all sides, that it generally appears as though there was no outlet. To attempt a description of such scenery in prose, would be to profane the materials of poetry with which nature, chivalry, and tradition have so largely endowed it; but the following couplets, by Byron, describe some of its chief charms very concisely and effectively:—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Looks o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Beneath the banks that bear the vine.

* * * * *

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here," &c.

The Rheinstein, Kaiserstuhl, Godesberg, Gutfensels, Drachenfels, and a few more, are all the names that a traveller's memory need load itself with. To see the other beautiful promontories may be considered sufficient. At Neuwied, on the west bank, there are some Moravian schools, where many young English, of both sexes, receive good educations, and where they are provided with such facilities for the acquisition of languages, that their youthful progress in the gift of tongues seemed more than satisfactory to some of their parents whom we encountered. The Rhine is so much visited by English, that there is really no more reason to be surprised at meeting an acquaintance on its surface than on the great north road; yet I did certainly feel more, both of surprise and pleasure, in recognising a Scotch friend, on entering the steam-boat at Coblenz, than a similar rencontre would have occasioned in England.

The convent, on the island of Nonnenwerder, which the proprietor failed to dispose of by lottery, has recently had its sanctity and romance disturbed by being converted into an hotel. It was here that, in days of yore, the gallant knight, Sir Roland (nephew of Charlemagne), on his return from a crusade, found that his lady-love had taken the veil, and was lost to him for ever. In consequence of this disappointment, a castle on a neighbouring hill, still called Rolandseck, is stated to have been erected, in order that he might thence behold the cage that contained his now too holy treasure. Schiller has immortalized the story in song, and it appears that Sir Roland, having thus lost

"the only tie,
For which he hoped to live or feared to die,"

ultimately sought and found death in the battle-field.

Cologne contains above 60,000 inhabitants, who are nearly all Catholics; and no one, after having spent a rainy day in the place, will feel disposed to envy them their locality, for its own double-distilled perfume will prove insufficient to keep up the spirits, or to defend one of the senses against the various odours which constantly assail it. The cathedral, if completed according to the original plan, would be the largest Gothic edifice in the world; but the period for expending millions on the architecture of a church has long since departed. The public gallery is quite in keeping with the town, and has merely a few paltry pictures and trifling antiques; but there is a small private collection of somewhat more merit. A fixed and not very moderate tariff is now established here, intended, doubtless, for the especial benefit of English travellers, who desire to visit the tomb of the three kings, the bones of St. Ursula's 11,000 virgins, and Rubens's celebrated picture of St. Peter Nailed to the Cross. The two former are not worth seeing, and the picture appeared to me painfully and unpleasingly powerful. If conscientious

Protestant travellers would well consider how much, by their seeming acquiescence in some of these superstitions, they encourage bigotry, as well as contribute immense sums to the support of Catholicism, few would gratify their curiosity by an inspection of objects so little calculated to afford rational pleasure. Supposing that one-fourth only of the English travellers, who visit the Rhine, examine these curiosities, they thereby voluntarily contribute very many thousands of dollars as an annual revenue to the Catholic priesthood, to be probably used for proselytizing purposes. In no part of central Germany are similar exactions made, so that the tariff here established may be not improperly considered as a Catholic duty imposed on the curiosity of English heretics.

Dusseldorf, about twenty miles below Cologne, is considered an agreeable place of residence, and is said to be, after Manheim, the most regularly built town on the Rhine. To resemble Manheim in that respect is scarcely a recommendation, for its regularity is painful, and the sameness of the streets such, that it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish them; indeed it realizes, as far as a town may do, substituting streets for groves, and pavement for parterre, the lines—

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the parterre just reflects the other.”

Our valet-de-place at Cologne was moderately intelligent, and did not imagine, when we desired to be shown the former residence of Rubens, that he was a friend with whom we purposed to dine, as is said to have occurred to an English traveller at Lausanne, who inquired of the hotel waiter for Mr. Gibbon's house.—“I am very sorry to inform you that poor Mr. Gibbon is dead,” was the reply brought back to him after half an hour's inquiry.

Elberfeld, a few miles from Dusseldorf, is the Manchester of Prussia, and can scarcely fail to increase rapidly now that British manufactures are all but excluded from thirty millions of the people of Germany. At present it is not however so well supplied with coal as its manufacturers could desire, but a contemplated railway will, it is believed, shortly obviate this important deficiency. It certainly does appear uncourteous of the Germans to unite in a convention virtually excluding the manufactures of a nation which regards them so favourably as England does, and whose trade concessions have conferred such vast benefits on the maritime interests of Prussia and other northern states. Indeed it is too provoking, that no sooner has a large class of British ship-owners been ruined, and the increase of our commercial marine checked by extravagant concessions in favour of Prussian vessels, than she should return her obligations by Germanic exclusion; and it is surely never too late, on our parts, to retrace a step which has been so requited; not so much on account of the loss of wealth which arises from Prussian shipping being the carriers of nearly all her bulky produce to the British shores, as the loss of our naval supremacy which arises from it. English naval power must of course be measured by the extent of her commercial marine, and on her naval superiority depends much the advancement of constitutionalism and the safety of existing liberal institutions throughout the world. It would be out of place here to enumerate the yearly increasing employ-

ment of foreign vessels by England ; but estimating the number from the northern countries at two thousand, these solely employed as English carriers, contain the human material for fifty line-of-battle ships, into which the men might immediately be transferred, and brought against us on the first occasion of war. A vessel is, I believe, the only article of foreign manufacture which can enter Britain free of all duty, and, if the foregoing view is correct, it ought to be the most highly taxed. The ancient injustice of desiring the children of Israel to make bricks without straw, is not more palpable than that of compelling British ship-owners to compete with those of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Prussia, whose men, vessels, and provisions, cost them little more than half. As the prices of provision chiefly regulate the value of all articles, in the production of which considerable labour is employed, it necessarily follows, according to justice, that a free admission of foreign corn should have preceded by at least a year the free admission of any manufactured commodity from a more cheaply provisioned country to Great Britain. The landed proprietors relying, however, on their power, and looking only to their own immediate interests, hesitated not to pass a law declaring to the owners of British shipping,—“ You shall buy our dear timber and provisions, while at the same time you must compete without any countervailing advantages with the shipping interests of all the most cheaply provisioned countries of Europe.” As England is the chief consumer of the timber, tallow, flax, hemp, &c., of these northern nations, which it is the principal occupation of their subjects to produce, it does appear rather Quixotic generosity to make them her carriers also, and thus train her probably future enemies into formidable naval rivals. An individual merchant purchasing these commodities, and having vessels of his own, would naturally stipulate for their employment ; and, if I mistake not, this argument would apply with double force nationally, where the policy should embrace both profit and power. Ship-building may be called the chief manufacture of Prussia, as cotton cloths are of England ; yet, while her vessels are admitted into our ports freely, every article in which we excel is loaded with an almost prohibitory duty ; and it is sufficiently evident that a fair reciprocity should consist in the cottons of England being admitted into Prussia as free of duty, as the shipping of Prussia are into England. The Prussians in this seem to have imitated the French government, which, in a narrow spirit, excludes from their country nearly every thing excepting Englishmen’s persons and their money ; but to meet with such glaring injustice and illiberality from Germany is an unexpected provocation.

There has always been an unfortunate tendency in the larger states of the world to absorb the smaller, as has already occurred to some extent in Germany, and is not unlikely to be still further effected. Austria now appears to have in a considerable degree resigned the influence she formerly exercised in the Germanic confederation ; while Prussia has usurped her place, and, in addition to the political power which her position and extent naturally give, she possesses a strong moral influence, arising from the amiable character of her king, and the energetic disposition of his intelligent government. So long as this influence is exercised as it has been during the present reign, for the legitimate purposes of internal improvement, it is

well; but ambitious sovereigns may hereafter occupy the Prussian throne, and her power is too great to be in that case resisted by her smaller neighbours. A very large addition was made to the Prussian territory, by the congress of 1815, of the Rhenish provinces, to which she had no previous claim; and, as regards those on the west bank in particular, it appears geographically unnatural that she should possess them.

If the territories of the electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, had been united, they might have formed a very compact little kingdom, with a population of several millions, and would have proved a desirable boundary between France and Prussia. France was, however, the great bugbear of that day, and, in seeking to depress one military power, it was perhaps scarcely considered to what an extent this decision of the congress raised up another. The policy, which gave Prussia territory beyond the Rhine, is also to be regretted as a matter not unlikely to lead to future wars; for it is well known that, in France, an opinion prevails, that this river is her natural boundary; though that view is equally full of ambition, as the Germans say truly that the Rhine is a German river—not a boundary of their country, but their own much loved and beautiful Rhine flowing through it—German being the language spoken on both banks, from Strasburg downwards to Holland. The Rhine provinces are, in truth, both the wealth and the strength of Prussia, for her original territory is a comparatively barren district.

It has been said, and I believe truly, that the king of Prussia, during his struggle against France, promised the people a constitution. If so, the promise has yet to be redeemed, for it would be unjust to suppose that a monarch, so highly esteemed, should permanently evade the fulfilment of a promise made under circumstances so sacred as those of national danger; and it is certain that the people ardently desire a constitution, and are prepared for it by their intelligence beyond those of almost any other country. Furthermore, it is believed that this is a question which the interests, not only of the kingdom, but even of the royal family itself, requires to be settled by his present majesty, as there are many difficulties attending the commencement of a constitutional system, which the influence of his character would be exceedingly useful in overcoming. If the democrats of France, and the ultra-radicals of England, would but well consider the injury their extreme views and violence do to the establishment of moderate constitutionalism in other countries, they would surely see the propriety of moderating their zeal. I have some reason to regret having recorded an erroneous impression regarding the disposition of the crown prince of Prussia, having since been informed, by what may be considered better authority, that he is the least military-minded prince of the family, and is even believed to be favourable to the establishment of a constitutional system. I trust that this opinion may prove correct, for on his disposition greatly depends, in all human probability, the tranquillity of Europe during a considerable portion of the ensuing half-century. Prussia, under a constitutional system, might prove a very sufficient boundary against the ambitious views which are attributed to Russia; indeed the latter power is so unpopular with the people of Germany, that the Prussian government could not (even if disposed) actively assist in her ulterior schemes. I

war is considered, as it properly should be, the besetting sin of rude nations only, it may surely reasonably be calculated, that enlightened Prussia will hereafter prove a powerful auxiliary in the great cause of universal peace.

All persons, who have travelled through Germany, must desire that the country should exist, as it does at present, in small kingdoms—too many of these have been swept already away, which might still have existed with advantage; but fewer than there now are it is to be hoped there never may be. On entering the larger cities of Germany, which are no longer seats of government, there is always an air of desertedness, which tells of faded prosperity; whereas, in Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, or Carlsruhe, every object speaks of prosperity in the present tense. These central little capitals being accessible to all their subjects, their refinement, their literature, and their wealth, find their way even to the remote borders of every state. It is different in the overgrown kingdoms; for such cities as Vienna and Berlin drain all the wealth, talent, and respectability from the distant provinces, and are too far removed to yield them the return which the capitals of smaller kingdoms do. How very different, for instance, would be the condition of Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, and Lombardy, if, instead of forming the remote provinces of great empires, each had its capital enlivened by nobility, statesmen studying its peculiar interests, universities spreading intelligence, and schools of arts diffusing refinement. Even Constantinople, which, as the head of the Mohammedan empire, is like an eastern gem beautifully set in Europe, for the gaze and admiration of the curious, would, as an appendage of Russia, cease to be an object of romantic interest; and, by such a Gothic transfer, the queen of the Bosphorus would be shorn of more than half her attractions. Apart from political considerations, therefore, it is to be hoped that such a barbarous change may never be permitted to occur. The friends and admirers of Prussia are, it is believed, endeavouring to cultivate an impression, that the people of some of the smaller states of Germany might be more cheaply governed under her sway. The opinion is possibly correct, but it is a low mercenary argument, unworthy the consideration of independent states, and the reply made by the marquis of Wellesley to the East India Directors is the best answer to such a proposition:—"I cannot govern kingdoms by the 'Rule of Three.'"

Aix la Chapelle is pleasantly situated in a moderate hollow, beautifully surrounded by hills, some of which are tastefully, and others densely wooded. Being Prussian territory, it was a few days since favoured by a visit from two members of the royal family. This town was selected by Charlemagne for his seat of government, on account of the good hunting which the neighbourhood afforded, as well as for its fine warm baths—a luxury which that hero, of a thousand years by-gone, is said to have surpassed even Napoleon in his fondness for. There is, however, little now left to proclaim that Aix was once the seat of a mighty empire. The older parts of the town contain nothing to admire, but some of the modern streets surrounding the new theatre are decidedly handsome; and the *maison-de-ville* exhibits a very antique and singular style of architecture. The ancient cathedral is not very remarkable, unless

from its containing the remains of Charlemagne, with many hundreds of relics, as well as a few pictures; and here again the priests levy a considerable toll on travellers visiting the sacristy. On this occasion, I confess to have felt some difficulty in conforming to the seeming acquiescence, which civility requires to be evinced on being shown by a priest a piece of the real cross, the girdles of Christ and of the Virgin Mary, as well as many other relics, and the bones of innumerable saints. Two or three of the pictures in the gallery are moderately good, but the gilded toys of the sacristy are scarcely worthy of attention. An exception may, however, be made in regard to persons curious in craniology, who may see here the magnificent skull of Charlemagne, though partly covered by a silver plate, following closely the natural form of the head. The size appears unusually large, even for a man of the emperor's huge stature, while in form it seems to rival even that of Napoleon; and in times when personal strength was in higher repute than mental superiority, Charlemagne's gigantic stature must have assisted powerfully in causing his authority to be respected. A pardonable desire to have his name blended with that of Charlemagne as a benefactor to Aix, no doubt caused Napoleon to patronise it by an occasional residence, from which arose many tasteful improvements to the town. A picturesque hill in the immediate neighbourhood was, for instance, planted by his order, and now affords shelter in winter, and shade in summer, to the inhabitants; indeed there are few more beautiful situations than that occupied by a summer café on this hill; whence it was quite refreshing to our English tastes to see the country again divided by hedges, and studded over with chateaux and farm-houses. There are perhaps few views to be met with which comprise more cultivated and varied fertility, as the fields have that happy irregularity of form which is so essential an element of beauty; and, in this respect, the district of Aix is only to be surpassed by the beautiful neighbourhood of Teignmouth in Devon. The population of this town is computed to be about 60,000.

In Prussia the police regulations against public gaming are generally very strict, though in Berlin it is understood to be practised *sub rosa*. In Aix la Chapelle, however, gaming appears to be the natural business of the place, and, on entering the rooms at noon, we found the professors in full practice;—the government, doubtless, finding it necessary to connive at this evil in Aix, where the right of gaming has probably long been considered as the Magna Charta of the place. There is something so repulsive to the feelings in beholding gaming by day-light, that it seems surprising those concerned in it as a profession do not shut their windows and light their lamps. "It's a bad day that will not make a good night," is the phrase of a humourist; and it would certainly be in better taste thus to convert day into night, than to insult the light of day with such a corrupting midnight occupation. The opera at Aix was moderately good, but very thinly attended. We had the pleasure here to meet with an English gentleman, whose mind was a perfect storehouse of historical knowledge from the days of Charlemagne down to the present time; and he kindly dispelled my ignorance on several points connected with the ancient history of the place. Such conversa-

tion might surely be called a royal road to knowledge; but is it quite right to allow ourselves thus to enjoy the fruit of the toils of others? The people here are most superstitiously Catholic; and, on passing to the theatre, we observed a small chapel lighted up and full of people at their devotions. The hour being so unusual, I was induced to inquire the cause, and found it was a new anti-cholera chapel, which our guide appeared very devoutly to believe had conquered the disease, and driven it forth from the town. It is to be regretted that such a gross state of superstitious ignorance as this should not have been removed by a translation of Mr. Combe's work on the constitution of man, wherein the fixed natural laws that influence human life are so beautifully alluded to; and, till so instructed, it is scarcely to be expected that the people will address themselves to the true causes of cholera—filth, effluvia, intemperance, and bad food.

The country between Aix and Verviers is very beautiful and varied; in one part somewhat resembling the canton of St. Gallen scenery, and in other parts that of Derbyshire. Verviers is a flourishing manufacturing town, but contains nothing which can interest the traveller. Beyond it, towards Spaa, the scenery continued to increase in romantic interest, and to this a worldly character was occasionally added by the presence of extensive manufacturing establishments. Spaa contains now only about 2500 people, for in consequence of the number of watering places which have sprung up in Nassau and elsewhere, this ancient fountain of health has become almost forgotten. People do not, in general, willingly acknowledge any falling off in their importance, and on that account the landlady of our comfortable hotel seemed to have peculiar pride, as well as pleasure, in repeatedly informing us of the number of persons that had dined at her table on one sunny day of the last season. The woman who showed the public rooms, also assured me that *fifty* persons had actually attended one or two of the season balls, in rooms which are perfectly capable of containing a thousand. She added, however, that cavaliers were extremely scarce, from which I inferred that Spaa should be, in its season, a little paradise for our sex, as dancing men can scarcely fail to be at a considerable premium, while messieurs politely willing to lose their money at whist must be beyond all price. The principal spring, which is a cold chalybeate, is the most agreeable mineral I have tasted—always excepting Seltzer's water duly prepared with Hock and sugar. A tepid bath of the Spaa water also proved a very agreeable indulgence, and certainly produced a bracing effect on my lethargic system. Several of the few strangers who still remained in Spaa, "lingering like the last roses of summer," or the ghosts of departed gaiety, were English; and there is assuredly no spot on the Continent where their presence can be more welcome, or more important. Our prospect from the crag which overlooks the town and its neighbourhood was extensive as well as pleasing; and in pointing to the distant forests, the valet de place dilated *con amore* on the pleasures of winter boar-hunting; but from its general accompaniments of deep snow, and a temperature at zero, his glowing picture, however rich in its colouring, wanted the description of warmth which is most congenial to a tropical constitution.

(To be continued.)

R. C.

No. III. SCRAPS FROM THE HOMERIC FEAST.

By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

(Continued from page 277, Sep. 1837.)

IV. THE HOMERIC PLANETS.—We have been surprised that Homer, who is accustomed to mention in his Poems the *Sun*, the *Moon*, and several *Constellations*, should not have once mentioned the names or number of the *Planets*; and in considering on what occasion particularly he might have introduced them, the description of the *Shield of Achilles*, Il. Σ. 483, presented itself to our mind:—

Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν,
 Ἡελίον τ' ἀκάμαντα, Σελήνην τε πλήθουσιν,
 Ἐν δὲ τὰ τεύρεα πάντα, τὰ τ' οὐρανὸς ἐστιφάνωται,
 Πληιάδας δ', Ὑάδας τε, τό τε σθένος Ὀρίωνος,
 Ἄρκτον δ', ἣν καὶ Ἀμαξαν ἐπὶ κλησὶν καλίουσιν,
 Ἡ τ' αὐτοῦ στρέφεται, καὶ τ' Ὀρίωνα δοκεύει,
 Οἷη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.

We must expect no aid from scholiasts and expositors, who can see in the *third* line only *stellæ omnes*, *τεύρεα πάντα*. It is wonderful indeed that Homer, so intelligent about heavenly bodies and any constellations, should be supposed to be unacquainted with the *Planets*, and that the God Vulcan himself, whom Homer represents to be the fabricator of the *Shield*, should be equally at fault, while the *Planets* themselves perform such conspicuous parts on the theatre of heaven. If, however, we by a slight change read *τεύρεα πέντε*, we shall have immediately before our eyes the *Sun*, the *Moon*, and the *five Planets*; and we beg to arrest the uplifted arm of anger at the boldness and temerity of the conjecture till we have proved its correctness by legitimate argument. If you regard *πάντα* as ancient and genuine, Homer, "*qui nil molitur inepte*," will appear in a ridiculous light, first representing *all the stars* as engraved on the *Shield*, and then specifying only *four* or *five*. We shall have a clear and consistent meaning, if we understand that the artist engraved the *Sun* and the *Moon* with the *five* other *Planets*, and of the *constellations*, the *Pleiades*, *Hyades*, etc. If you still more carefully examine the *logical order* according to the common reading, you will perceive the great propriety of the substitution of *πέντε* for *πάντα*: 1. the *Sun*, 2. the *Moon*, 3. *all the stars* of heaven, (read the *five Planets*), 4. the *Pleiades*, 5. the *Hyades*, 6. *Orio*, 7. the *Bear*, 8. the *Wain*. After mentioning the *Sun*, and the *Moon*, it would be strange indeed to mention *all the stars* in general, and then to name *five* in particular; but if the Poet had first named the *five constellations*, and then said *all the rest of the stars*, the *logical order* would be right.

We would fain ask how Vulcan with his *whole* skill, and with the utmost economy of space, could manage to introduce on the small area of the *Shield*, rich with other engraving, *τεύρεα πάντα*? And this epithet *πάντα* is applied by the wisest of poets dexterously and happily

to the *stars*, when he is speaking of their shining in the firmament, *Il. Θ. 555* :—

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστροα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σιλήνην
 φαίνειτ' ἀριπρεπεία, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ,
 Ἐκ τ' ἔφανον πᾶσαι σκοπιαί, καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι,
 Καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγῃ ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
 Πάντα δέ τ' εἶδεται ἄστροα· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.

You may readily believe that the transcribers, because they observed πάντα ἄστροα in the one passage, coined πάντα τεῖρεα for πέντε in the other, considering τεῖρεα to be equivalent to ἄστροα, though, as will soon appear, they differ so widely. And with respect to the word τεῖρεα, it seems wonderful that no one of so many Greek writers,—we have referred to almost all,—especially astronomical writers,—Manetho, Aratus, Ptolemy, and others,—has ever used the Homeric word τεῖρεα in the sense of *constellations*, and in this one Homeric passage, and nowhere else in Homer, you will find it; we know no word which is more solitary and deserted, and more likely to cause wonder to each, and there is no other reason why writers have shunned the word τεῖρεα, and have employed rather ἄστροα and ἄστερες, except that as ἀπαξ λεγόμενον in Homer it had scarcely fallen under their eyes, or rather because they understood not the force of it; for the meaning of very rare words easily escapes us, and who would not blame Jul. Pollux, who, though he is a very intelligent Onomasticographer, and of a sagacious period, while he is *L. 4. c. 20. p. 442.* accumulating astronomical terms, has forgotten the word τεῖρεα, which he should have preferred to others as ancient and as the child of Homer?*

After these brief observations, who would not affirm that Homer wrote πέντε, and not πάντα τεῖρεα, namely, besides the *Sun* and the *Moon*, the other *five τεῖρεα*, or *Planets*, and that the change must be attributed to the ignorance of the scribes? And you must bear in mind that, as the later Greeks called these *seven stars* by the peculiar name, *πλανῆται*, so the most ancient called them by the *special* term τεῖρεα, that they might distinguish them from *stars in general*; and we should not err, if we were to pronounce that the names, *Κρόνος, Saturn, Ζεὺς, Jupiter, Ἄρης, Mars*, etc. were not yet invented, but designated by the *generic* term τεῖρεα. For even Hesiod in *Ἔργους* at the end, when he gives advice to husbandmen about the *stars*, is altogether silent about those names of the *Planets*, except the *two* most celebrated, *Ἥλιος* and

* We have shed much light on the Homeric word τεῖρος, and have too freely asserted that it is found in the *Iliad* alone, and is ἀπαξ λεγόμενον. But though it is of great rarity, we are grieved to have overlooked Callimachus *H. in D. 175. ἰσάριθμοι (Τιτῆνες) Τεῖρεσιν, ἡνίκα πλεῖστα κατ' ἡέρα βουκολίονται.* Every one will wonder that Callimachus, a most polished poet, should have so far degenerated from Homer in the use of the word, that, while Homer applies it to the *Planets* alone, Callimachus employs it to denote the *stars* in general. We have also to blame Aratus, v. 604. for having deviated from Homeric usage, when he employs πολυτενής as an epithet of the *starry* heavens, and we regard not Onomacritus, who has introduced the less legitimately formed compound πολύτερος into his *Hymn to Nature*, v. 6. We might have expected some exquisite learning on this topic from Spanheim, but he has dismissed the word in silence. ADDENDA.

Σελήνη, in which respect he accords with Moses, who assigns proper names only to those *two* principal stars. Nay, even among the Romans themselves, on certain *Consular Coins*, on which the *Planets* are carved, the *Sun* is represented on the obverse side like a *radiated youth*; and on the reverse side the *Moon* as *horned*, while the *five* others are represented as simple *stars*, following the example of Homer, who salutes by peculiar names *two* only of those *seven stars*; and we may see this in certain *Astriferous Gems* in the Work of Jo. Bapt. Passerius, and in a distinguished *Gem*, which Van-Dale produces in his *Dissertation* p. 19, you behold the *Sun* represented as a *youth*, the *Moon* as a *maiden*, and the other *five Planets* under their *symbols* only:—such deference and authority were paid even among certain artists to the example set by Homer.

We have not been able to discover the reason why, though the Greeks never used the word *τεῖρος* or *τείρεα*, the Latins on the contrary have very frequently employed it with the change of certain letters, namely *sidus* and *sidera*; you will not fastidiously despise the *etymon* in the other respects sound, (for you will find examples of those *two* characters permuted again and again in Greek and in Latin, in G. J. Vossius's *Etym. L. L.* and in the *Tract on the Permutation of Letters*), when you see that *τείρεα* and *sidera* denote the very same thing, though the Roman term is more generic. Moreover, we see the unsuitableness and far-fetched derivations of *sidus*, which have been hitherto produced by learned men; for they derive the word from *τείρω*, “to be spent or worn out,” because, as they say, many are diseased by the aspect or influence of the stars, and are called *siderati* and *sidere percussi*: Eustath. on the verse of Homer, *Τείρεα παρὰ τὸ τείρειν, πολλοὶ γὰρ ἐκ τῶν ἀστέρων καταπονοῦνται γινόμενοι ἀστρόβλητοι*. Vossius has struck out no better *fire* in respect to *sidus*, which he deduces from *εἶδος*, *species*, flattering himself that “out of so many *etyma* the most simple is that which refers to *εἶδεῖν*,” but every one sees how vague and general that signification is, and will feel surprised that the accurate and exact Vossius should not have seen the propriety of enumerating among the other *etyma* the word *τεῖρος* and *τείρεα*.

Those who are fond of Hebrew analogies, may turn to *Exodus* xxiv. 10. where the Greek and Latin interpreters are at fault in understanding, “*Et quasi cœlum, cum serenum est*,” but by the aid of Homer we can restore the grace and force of the Hebrew words, “*Et quasi cœli substantiam et robur, quando siderum splendore circumfulget*.” The *Septuagint* have muddled their heads τῇ καθαριότητι, and the *Chaldee* is not *clear*, neither of them mentioning the *stars*, which are included in the Hebrew term,—the presumed parent of the Greek word *τεῖρος*.

(To be continued.)

THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

(Continued from page 488.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

"It is most unaccountable," said M. Delville, "particularly as the *conducteur* of the Diligence swore that a gentleman, who was with me, and who appeared to be nearly as intoxicated as myself, helped me into the vehicle, and declared that I was bound for Calais."

"*Eh! bien*, my dear friend," exclaimed Sans-gêne; "but have I not pledged my word and honour that I am as innocent with regard to your adventure as the Great Mogul himself? We were walking very quietly along the road, and parted in an equally quiet manner."

"How was that?" enquired the still half credulous Delville.

"Simply by falling into a ditch," returned Sans-gêne. "But you expressed your intention the other day of visiting Calais; so, I suppose, that as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet was obliged to go to the mountain."

"That may be," observed M. Delville; "but if ever I be again led away by the inducements you hold out, M. Sans-gêne, to dissipation and debauch, then call me one of the most versatile characters you have yet encountered."

"*Nous verrons—nous verrons!*" cried Sans-gêne, rubbing his hands together, and casting a satisfied look at his person in the reflecting Psyche opposite to where he sate. "And what may be the cause of these wise resolutions?"

"To tell you the truth," murmured M. Delville in a voice which he affected to render peculiarly sentimental, "I must be upon my guard, for I am certain my actions are watched."

"Watched!" cried Sans-gêne: "how? by the police?"

"Oh! no; by a *soubrette*—a lady's-maid, you know," was the reply, accompanied by a cunning smile.

"Ah! I understand—an affair of gallantry—a little *amour*—eh?" observed Sans-gêne, adding to the broad hint conveyed by his remark the additional emphasis of a blow or poke between M. Delville's ribs in the most sensitive part.

"You are right; but not with the lady's-maid," returned the old gentleman, sitting uneasily on his chair from the effects of the introduction of Sans-gêne's knuckles between his bones.

"Not with the lady's-maid!" exclaimed Sans-gêne. "Who then is the happy fair one that has captivated the illustrious Delville?"

"Her mistress!" was the solemn reply.

"All honourable, correct, straight-forward, eh?" said Sans-gêne.

"Oh! yes; a widow, my dear fellow—a rich widow, and as lovely as she is wealthy."

"*Peste!*" ejaculated Sans-gêne; "cannot you introduce a friend, old boy?"

"With pleasure—I am not jealous," answered Delville; "although I have not yet proposed—that is, expressed myself in direct terms. A thousand little hints, you know, but nothing farther. And, while I think of it, the divine creature honoured me with a letter this very morning, demanding an explanation; and, in fine, requesting to be definitively acquainted with my intentions."

"That was modest, at all events!" observed Sans-gêne. "Did you answer the effusion?"

"Not yet," replied M. Delville. "The fact is, between you and me, I occasionally—only occasionally, recollect—wear spectacles; and—and I find it disagreeable to write without them. I do not say it is impossible, mind—merely inconvenient; and, if you remember, I had my spectacles on my nose—"

"When we issued in a tolerable hurry from the *cabaret* together," said Sans-gêne.

"Yes," continued Delville; "and also when I tumbled—that is, fell—"

"Into the ditch, where you lost them; and at present you are *sans lunettes*," hastily observed Sans-gêne, in order to cut short a long story.

"You have hit it precisely; the real truth is now unfolded," said Delville.

"Have you ever written to the lady in question before?"

"Never," replied the old gentleman.

"Nor does she know your hand-writing?" persisted Sans-gêne.

"I once showed her how I made my P's and D's."

"Pshaw! is that all?"

"Farther than those letters are concerned, Madame Gaston is totally unacquainted with my hand-writing."

"Good!" cried Sans-gêne; "I will indite a letter for you. Setting aside the spelling, my hand is tolerably decent."

"No!" ejaculated M. Delville, his countenance expressing a certain bland delight which called a smile to the lips of his companion.

"Will you really do me that service?"

"Certainly," said Sans-gêne; and having arranged the writing-materials upon the table in M. Delville's room, where they were seated, he desired the old gentleman to dictate the reply he was anxious to transmit to Madame Gaston, for that was the name of the fair *inamorata*.

"*'Adorable creature,'*" commenced M. Delville, "*'It is with the deepest sense of gratitude and love that—'*"

"Excellent!" cried Sans-gêne. "Proceed."

"*'That I take up my pen to—'* must I say *'my pen?'*"

"Certainly. How is she to know any thing to the contrary?" demanded Sans-gêne, who was very busily engaged in writing.

"Well, then," continued M. Delville,—"that I take up my pen to acknowledge the receipt of your welcome epistle, and reply in a style which I hope will not fail to please you. Proud that my attentions have not been thrown away, and that my personal appearance is not displeasing, I venture to offer up the incense of a pure affection at the altar of—of—what shall I say?"

“ ‘*Ridicule and folly!*’ ” said Sans-gêne, whose hand was busily employed in tracing certain characters on the paper before him, and whose mind was at the moment rather absent.

“ Nonsense ! ” exclaimed M. Delville, thinking that his amanuensis was lightly treating a serious matter. “ Say, ‘ *at the altar of beauty and mental accomplishments ; and so soon as I shall have been blessed with the supreme felicity of calling myself your husband, my constant endeavour to study your happiness only will demonstrate more forcibly than all the flowers of rhetoric, the extent of my affection. I remain, dear madam, your constant adorer, MATHIEU DELVILLE.* ’ ”

Sans-gêne scribbled away, and much longer than M. Delville continued to dictate, which at first astonished the old gentleman. He was however re-assured, when Sans-gêne threw down his pen, and said, “ Well, so far so good ; I have copied your effusion precisely as it issued from your honied lips ; but I do not mean to run the risk of figuring in the pillory, and then taking a quiet morning’s walk to the galleys at Brest or Toulon, for the small inadvertency called *forgery*. Pray, *mon cher ami*, sign your own name : *that* surely you may accomplish even without glasses.”

To this reasonable demand M. Delville assented, and accordingly subjoined his two appellations—*prænomen* and *cognomen*—to the paper which Sans-gêne placed in a convenient position before him. The letter was then folded up, sealed, and duly addressed to “ *Madame veuve Gaston,* ” &c. &c. In the course of an hour an answer was returned, to the effect that the fair widow would have much pleasure in receiving Messieurs Delville and Sans-gêne that evening to partake of supper, &c., at half-past nine o’clock.

“ *Peste!* ” exclaimed Delville ; “ you have already created a sensation in Boulogne, *mon cher*. But how could Madame Gaston know that we were intimate ? ”

“ She has doubtless seen us together,” observed Sans-gêne, suppressing a smile that would have been peculiarly significant, had not prudence “ nipped it in the bud.”

“ True ! ” cried Delville ; “ and perhaps she knows that you are a nobleman in disguise ? ”

“ Oh ! I hope not,” exclaimed Sans-gêne hastily. “ Would it not be better if you were to pass me off as your nephew ? ”

“ With pleasure ! ” ejaculated Delville, who was flattered by the proposal, in which he saw no sinister view.

Having adjusted these important matters, the two gentlemen proceeded to refresh themselves with a walk upon the pier ; and when they had snuffed a sufficiency of the sea-breeze for that day, they returned to the hotel and partook of an exquisite repast at the seemly hour of six. The conversation did not once vary from the topic that appeared essentially to interest both parties, viz. Madame Gaston ; and Sans-gêne gratified his curiosity by causing M. Delville to put him in possession of all particulars relative to that lady’s personal attractions and worldly goods. The substance of the old gentleman’s communication was, “ that Madame Gaston was the widow of a wealthy merchant—that she enjoyed an income of four hundred pounds *per annum*—that she was about thirty-six years of age, tall and mode-

rately stout—and that she was very anxious to supply the place of the deceased *negociant* with another protector.” Sans-gêne was peculiarly satisfied with the colouring of this picture, and forbore to make such frequent applications to the wine-bottle as was his wont: determined, however, that the hotel-keeper should not be a loser by this unusual abstemiousness, he plied M. Delville to the heart’s content of that worthy individual, who was so intoxicated by the prospect of uniting himself to a widow possessing charms not entirely connected with outward show, that he forgot his wise resolutions, and did not hesitate to drink off repeated bumpers to her health and their mutual happiness.

At half-past nine Messieurs Delville and Sans-gêne rang at the door of Madame Gaston’s house, and were immediately admitted to that lady’s presence. The room in which she was seated was elegantly furnished; and Madame Gaston herself was an elegant woman (for her age), and was, in the true French sense of the word, elegantly dressed. She welcomed Delville with a courteous smile, and cast a glance of mingled cunning and bashfulness—a look that would have been exceedingly sly, had its *acumen* not been suppressed by a latent modesty or confusion—at Sans-gêne.

“M. Delville is welcome—and his nephew—” began Madame Gaston.

“My nephew!” exclaimed M. Delville in astonishment; “how did it become known that—”

“Oh!” cried Sans-gêne, almost precipitating himself upon his venerable companion, “all the world at Boulogne knows that I am your nephew; I foolishly spread the report myself; and—”

“And—and—the letter, you remember!” murmured Madame Gaston in M. Delville’s ear.

“Eh! the letter—what? he did not confess—”

“Oh! no; not he!” said Madame Gaston in the same *sotto voce*.

“So much the better!” cried M. Delville, almost bewildered with wine and a consciousness of some mystery which he could not explain, while Sans-gêne hastened to turn the conversation.

“*Monsieur* has not been long at Boulogne-sur-Mer?” observed Madame Gaston, fixing her large blue eyes with a peculiar expression on Sans-gêne.

“No, *Madame*, only a few days. I came hither for the purpose of receiving a considerable fortune from a lawyer in this town, under the will of a deceased relative.”

“What! is it possible? were you related to the late M. Sans-gêne of the Basse-Ville?” exclaimed Madame Gaston, drawing back her chair a few paces, and suffering her features to contract into a frown.

“I have not that honour, *Madame*,” replied the adventurer: “a coincidence of names—nothing more, I assure you.”

“Singular, indeed!” cried the lady, suddenly relapsing into smiles once more. “And does M. Sans-gêne intend to make a long stay?”

“*Ma chère*,” interrupted M. Delville—“for so I may now call you, under existing circumstances—”

“Certainly! certainly!” interrupted Sans-gêne in his turn, and with impolite haste; “oh! certainly—matrimonial speculations—little

familiarities—drop all ceremony—*ma chere*—certainly, certainly!”—then, without giving M. Delville time to recover from his anger and astonishment, nor Madame Gaston from her pretty confusion, he said, “Yes, *Madame*, I came hither for the purpose of receiving a large sum of money; and thinking that the sea air might agree with me, I desired Laplace and Lafleur, my two domestics, to follow with the horses. One is so dull in a strange place without one’s stud; but now that I have the honour—”

“*Ma chere*!” again interrupted M. Delville, the influence of wine and the green-eyed monster working upon him; “considering our relative situations, I think you might condescend to address a few words to me, who—”

“What! do you already repent?” cried Madame Gaston, flirting with her fan, behind which she partially concealed her face.

“Repent! how—repent! Really methinks, *Madame*, that after the letter I had the honour—”

“It is precisely that letter,” exclaimed Madame Gaston, “that—”

“Exactly, the letter!” shouted Sans-gêne, purposely letting fall his handkerchief, and giving Delville a tremendous pinch on the calf of his leg, as he stooped to pick it up.

The colloquy would doubtless have become more and more mystified, and M. Delville more and more at a loss to understand the ambiguous portions of it, had not the entrance of the servant to announce that supper was served up, happily terminated a discourse which seemed to be as incomprehensible to the old gentleman as it was eagerly avoided, or rather dreaded, by Sans-gêne. In fact, the only person who was not essentially displeased by it was Madame Gaston; and the effect it produced upon her was a series of blushes, flirtings with the fan, and various little *coquetteries* which she enacted for her own peculiar benefit.

A magnificent repast was spread out in an adjoining apartment. A *Paté de fois gras* stood on one side of the table, and a cold *poulet truffé* on the other. A *fricandeau de veau*, reposing in a bed of *oseille*, afforded a pleasing spectacle and gratifying odour; and a dish of *cotelettes de mouton à la jardinière* crowned the banquet. Champagne and the best Bordeaux-Laffitte garnished a dumb-waiter placed near the table; while nosegays of beautiful flowers, tastefully arranged on the mantel-piece, gave a sweet perfume amidst the grosser emanations from the inviting supper.

“Delicious!” cried M. Delville, as with a vacant eye he surveyed the banquet thus spread out.

“*Asseyons-nous, Messieurs*,” said the courteous lady of the house, “and do honour to my preparation. M. Sans-gêne, this is your place, next to me; M. Delville, take the chair at the bottom of the table.”

“*Mais, ma chere*,” commenced the discomfited old gentleman.

“No remonstrances, my dear M. Delville!” exclaimed Madame Gaston; then, in a sort of half whisper, she added, “You are not consistent—you appear to repent of your determination every moment—and forget the ‘*ridicule and folly*,’ as you yourself express it—”

“Upon my honour, Madam, this is a mystery—”

"*Allons !*" interrupted Sans-gêne, "are we to stand prattling all the evening, while so many good things await our attack? Pray seat yourself, M. Delville;" and, without any more ado, he quietly pushed that gentleman into the chair indicated by Madame Gaston.

"Here is some mystery that I cannot understand," muttered Delville to himself; "but resignation is at present my only resource, in addition to a good supper;" with which consolations, and particularly the latter, he managed to amuse himself for the better portion of half an hour.

In the meantime Sans-gêne was remarkably assiduous to Madame Gaston, and she on her part lavished a considerable quantity of smiles and tender looks upon the attentive swain. The Champagne circulated, and Delville did not forget to dispose of his share; while the effects of the wine were evidenced on the part of Sans-gêne by the lively sallies of wit that escaped him, and on that of Madame Gaston by an increasing tenderness of disposition manifested in favour of her facetious neighbour. So long as M. Delville was agreeably occupied by the discussion of meats and generous wines, he did not notice the repeated *willades* that passed between his two companions; but when his hunger was appeased, he had more time for observation; and whether it were that being intoxicated, and seeing double, he fancied Madame Gaston's conduct towards Sans-gêne had something more in it than common civility warranted, or that he was naturally of a querulous disposition in his cups, and apt to be offended at a trifle, we know not. Suffice it to say that in a fit of inordinate passion he presently arose from his seat, supporting himself by the table, and exclaimed at the top of his voice—"Madame, your conduct is disgraceful; and I hereby renounce all intention of fulfilling any engagement I may have contracted with you."

"Oh! I thought you would repent," cried the lady with a sweet and conciliatory smile, while Sans-gêne sate uneasily on his chair.

"Repent, Madam! yes—I do repent—and I am sorry that my egregious folly could have—could have—that is—"

"Your nephew is not under age, I presume, Sir," said Madame Gaston very coolly, and with a species of triumph depicted on her countenance.

"Nephew! *Madame!*" ejaculated the irate old gentleman, his face purple with anger; "he is *not* my nephew—he is a total stranger—a *vaurien*—a *mange-tout* for any thing that I know."

"At least you yourself assured me that he was your nephew."

"Who? I, Madam!"

"Yes, *Monsieur*; you, in your letter of this morning!" continued Madame Gaston, now angry in her turn; and producing the epistle from her *reticule*, she added, "I am sorry, Sir, you so soon forget your own assertions; pray recal them to your memory;" and with these words she handed over the letter to M. Delville, who was not so far advanced on the high road of intoxication as not to be able to distinguish the contents, which ran as follows:—

"*Chere Madame,*

"I have received your kind and welcome note, and should have replied to it sooner, had I not mislaid my spectacles,

without which I can no more write than dance in the ballet at the opera. I have, however, maturely considered the purport of your letter; and candidly confess that it would be the height of folly and an act subject to the extreme of ridicule on my part to think of espousing a lovely young woman thirty years my junior. I have therefore purposed to introduce to your notice my nephew, M. Sans-gêne, an excellent and worthy young man, whose fortune is considerable, and whose good looks cannot fail to win your esteem. Should a reciprocal attachment ensue, I shall still be able to enjoy the pleasure of your society, and still sign myself

“Your truly devoted servant,

“MATHIEU DELVILLE.

“P. S. Should you be disengaged this evening, I might have the opportunity of introducing my beloved nephew.”

While M. Delville was occupied in the perusal of the above modest and elegantly-worded epistle, Sans-gêne and Madame Gaston were employed by a trifling explanation which the former thought fit to tender that lady.

“Adorable creature,” said he, “pardon the audacity of my conduct! I had heard of your beauty, your accomplishments, and your virtue; and I was anxious to possess such a treasure. Being at a loss to find the means of introducing myself to your notice, I adopted a venial though somewhat fraudulent method to effect my purpose. That method was the following one:”—and Sans-gêne related in a few words the whole adventure, which, so far from vexing or offending Madame Gaston, not only pleased her, but raised Sans-gêne to a considerable eminence in her opinion.

“Traitor!” cried M. Delville, when he had managed to put himself in possession of the contents of the letter; “I could tear your very flesh from your body; but I prefer the adoption of other measures, which I shall put into immediate effect, and thus avenge my injured honour;” and having delivered himself of this eloquent oration, M. Delville reeled, fell back into his chair, and relieved his sorrows by the powerful medicine recommendable in such cases—Moët’s best Champagne. He then relapsed into a gentle slumber, and thus allowed the tender couple, that anxiously watched his motions, a full opportunity of discussing the pleasant adventure which threw them together, and of indirectly gathering from each other—which was the principal and visible aim of both—all particulars relative to their respective property. Madame Gaston was mistress of the sum of a hundred and seventy-five thousand francs (7,000*l.* sterling), which was vested in the funds; and the disposal of which depended entirely upon her own discretion. Sans-gêne, in his turn, recapitulated the various *items* of his own possessions; and with considerable emphasis, most likely to give an additional air of truth to his very probable assertions, detailed the produce of his estate in Burgundy, his farm near Fontainebleau, his houses in Paris, and his share in a London banking establishment, “well known,” he said, “as the firm of Bull, Beef, and Port.” In addition to these handsome revenues, he failed not to mention the sum of a couple of hundred thousand francs

which he had to receive in a few days from his lawyer at Boulogne, and which had called him away from the gaieties and pleasures of the French metropolis, to the fashionable society of which he was a brilliant ornament. These communications naturally delighted the several parties interested in them; and the already "enamoured pair" separated with many sweet smiles, Sans-gêne promising to send the two porters of the hotel with a shutter or a wheelbarrow to fetch the still slumbering and disappointed Delville.

(To be continued.)

ON HEARING THE CHURCH BELLS RING THE OLD YEAR
OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.

A STRANGE and mingled feeling
Is awakened by your pealing,
Ye wild-revolving bells!
While past years float before me,
The future shadows o'er me,
And solemn thought compels.

When life in youth was springing,
How blithe appeared your ringing,
My heart leaped at the sound!
The future Hope was gilding,
And Fancy castle-building
Upon enchanted ground.

Those visions now are shrouded,
With care my days are clouded,
And Truth, with sober mien,
Life's flattered face unveiling,
Proclaims such hopes are failing,
And changes all the scene.

How wise who take the warning,
Nor Mercy's angel scorning,
Look upwards to the skies;
There see bright prospects breaking,
And, heavenly joy partaking,
Above the world can rise!

R. S.

January 1st, 1837.

SKETCHES OF KENTUCKY.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN FROM THE BACKWOODS.

KENTUCKY is a land that has been greatly slandered and abused by strangers; but much praised and beloved by those who reside in it. Its capital is Lexington—the Eden of America, and Athens of the West, as it is sometimes called. Its right to the former title I shall concede without hesitation; but, with regard to the latter, I am not prepared to judge. If, however, an opinion might be formed from the number of its schools, literary institutions, and scientific men, it would appear to have a pretty good claim to the distinction.

The scenery in this part of the state has much of the picturesque, though nothing of the romantic. As you pass along the high road, and view the wide-spreading landscape, the mind is constantly refreshed with the idea of plenty, comfort, and happiness. Here, on your right, is a beautiful woodland pasture, extending far as the eye can reach,—its richly carpetted surface blending the golden light and deep shade into a picture of loveliness and quiet, while the branches of its trees are filled with beauty and song. There, on your left, is a field of a hundred acres, covered with a luxuriant growth of corn; and yonder, far through the trees, is the mansion-house of the owner, approached by a long avenue, lined with locusts or elms,—reminding us of the descriptions we have heard or read of the country seats of our English forefathers.

The basis of Kentucky character is that of the higher class of Englishmen. The pioneers having emigrated from Virginia, which was principally settled by English patricians, their children still retain many of their customs and notions. But there has been every thing in the history of Kentucky to add lustre to this character of her sons, and to make them the noblest people on earth. The forefathers of this state were the heroes of the revolution, who, having generously sacrificed their property and blood on the altar of their country's freedom, accepted cheerfully, in return, the poor and only meed which the natives could bestow—the right to subdue and cultivate a savage wilderness. This they did, at the expense of more blood, and in the face of greater difficulties, than were, perhaps, incident to the settlement of any other country in the union.

Thus, the ancestors of the present generation, with incredible toil and suffering, secured not only a peaceful inheritance for their children, but they were also ever ready to take up arms in defence of their neighbours. There is not a region in this great valley that has not been moistened by the blood of Kentuckians, poured out freely in the cause of their neighbours' rights. From these circumstances in their early history, we are not disappointed to find a race of people frank and open in their manners, "given to hospitality," forgetful of self, and willing to die in the cause of justice or generosity.

JAN. 1838.

F

Notwithstanding, however, all the physical, intellectual, and moral advantages which Kentucky possesses, and which have made her one of the bright jewels that sparkle in the crown of her country's fame, there is a canker at her breast—a vampire which is sucking her blood, and wasting her energies—a slow but mortal disease preying upon her vitals. Need I name it? The curse of every country that ever resorted to it as a source of wealth or profit—*Slavery*. But a spirit of enquiry is abroad on this subject, and many of the people are prepared to adopt any suitable measure for the prospective removal of the evil.

Frankfort.—I rode from Lexington to this place, and was gratified for the first time since I left my native land, with a view of New England scenery—of rocky hills, lofty precipices, deep luxuriant valleys, and winding streams. Frankfort is fairly wedged in among the hills, except on one side, where the river, which takes its name from the state, meanders along to join the noble Ohio. But the town makes up for the oddness of its locality by its pleasant scenery, and its more pleasant society. A great political festivity, called a barbecue, took place whilst I was sojourning in the country, a description of which I will briefly attempt.

This species of rural festivity had its origin in circumstances connected with the history of the first settlers. The quibbling propensities of the inhabitants, and at the same time their sociable disposition, led to numerous meetings for conviviality, or for discussing local politics. The houses being too small to accommodate a large party, the only alternative was to seek some pleasant grove in the vicinity of a cool spring. Here, rude tables were covered with the rich viands of the country, and, after the repast was ended, the young joined in a dance, while the old became spectators of the lively scene. So much for the origin;—if the reader will abstain from delivering a lecture on the morality of the thing, and will take an umbrella—for rain in torrents it must—he may just imagine himself in my company, and we will make the trip again. Without wading a mile through mud and water, I will place him at once upon the ground. He wonders at the multitude of people—I suppose there are three or four thousand. He notices an enclosure with a crowd of anxious-looking men around it; this is the *bar*, and within are several hogsheads of that favourite beverage, yeilded *mint julep*, which is a preparation, in proper proportions, of sugar, water, ice, mint, and old whiskey. An old man is seen standing by himself, smiling and scowling by turns, as he drinks his julep or looks upon the crowd; he is of the opposite party of politics, but could not on that account forego the pleasures of a free barbecue and its appendages.

The crowd, having quenched their thirst, now gather about the platform, and a unanimous call is made for a speech. As might be expected, that call is upon Crittenden, who was then, and doubtless always will be, a favourite son of Kentucky. His personal appearance is good; his countenance, though dignified, is always lighted with a smile, and he possesses that peculiar power in oratory which can charm the learned and ignorant at the same time. This politician has risen to considerable eminence in his native state, where even at the present time he delivers frequent orations. Thus, Kentucky boasts not only of warriors,

but also of orators, whose strains of masterly eloquence thrill through the nation, and send an echo back to the shores of the Old World.

Now comes the signal for dinner, and every one forgets his politics for the time being. The mode of cooking at barbecues is singular. A trench is dug, and the bottom covered with burning coals; over these several pigs, lambs, and other smaller animals are placed, supported by skewers carried into the sides of the trench. The beef is cooked in the same way, except that it is cut into pieces of convenient size. During the process of roasting, the meat is well seasoned, and, when carried to the table, it has a flavour that would tickle the palate of an epicure.

After dinner is over—not after the cloth is removed, for there is no cloth—the multitude gather once more around the stand, to hear toasts and speeches, which are accompanied at intervals by appropriate music and shouts of applause, that make the welkin ring. The people of this state are remarkable for their enthusiasm in politics. None are so ignorant but they can talk fluently on this subject. The greatest clown can tell you what he “reckons” on the subject of state and national policy; this proceeds from the fact, that candidates are obliged to be constantly among the people, delivering speeches, harangues, &c. Indeed, a candidate would be politically damned if he did not mingle with the people from the time he offers until the close of the polls; and it frequently happens that, during the election, he must suffer himself to be placed astride upon the shoulders of some Hercules, and thus be exhibited for the plaudits of the crowd.

I shall close this anomalous epistle by an anecdote, illustrative of what I have just said. A deaf mute in the southern part of this state, wishing to make the son of a congress-man understand that he was acquainted with his father, commenced the motion of bowing and shaking hands, apparently with a number of persons in quick succession,—as much as to say, a candidate shakes hands with all the people. This was satisfactory evidence to the son that the mute knew his father.

H.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. MILES.

(From a Chinese Translation.)

LAST New Year's Eve,—to cheat the night,
The streets were gay with borrowed light,*
And when, behind the drooping willow,
Sank the pale moon, not to my pillow
Did I retire, but with a friend
Saw the old year his journey end—
Again to greet that day's return,
With flame renewed the lanterns burn;
All seems the same—ah! no, my tear
Mourns the companion of *last year*.

* It is the custom in China to celebrate the eve of the new year by illuminating the streets with variegated lanterns.

MY FIRST CANVASS.

It is now almost half a century since I first entered on the vocation of schoolmaster; and in the course of that time I have passed through nearly every grade of the service, from the headmastership of Switchemwell grammar school, at one end of the scale, down to the itinerant vending of Greek and mathematics at the other. Grey hairs, and the possession of a hundred a year in the three per cents., have at length led me to sheath my cane and follow Cowper's advice, by "sending my gown to Monmouth Street." I can now walk abroad at my ease, and muse over the details of my long career, without any apprehensions of being hooted by persecuting piccaninies, or button-held and prosed to by their proprietary papas. My retrospective review is of course varied enough. First, there is what Plato would maintain to be the real object of my art, as distinguished from that of the inferior or money-getting art incidentally connected with it—I mean the result of my instructions, in the shape of sundry rows of idea sprouts, all taught to shoot originally, and brought to maturity ultimately, by my fostering care. Then, again, there are the fruits of this same inferior art to be reviewed, with all the undulatory movements of my annual receipts, from the amount of a good cook's wages, which they seldom reached, to that of a footman's, to which they not unfrequently approximated.

Neither of these subjects, however, full of interest as they are, is that which my fancy usually dwells on, while I am indulging in a reminiscence. I rather love to recur to that supply of "thorns in the flesh, with which the usages of society have so liberally beset the sides of successful pedagogism, for fear its occasional admission to the drawing-rooms of the great should tend to "exalt it overmuch;" and which, in my case, has been planted thick enough to form a good-sized substantial hedge. Full many are the items of petty annoyance and personal degradation in my past experience, which—amusing from their grotesqueness even amid the bitterness of their first infliction—are now, from the added sense of present security, very agreeable subjects of contemplation. I can now smile at the recollection of my summary dismissal by a worthy grocer of Cheapside, for want of alacrity in unbonneting at his approach; and indulge in a hearty laugh at the expense of a noble countess, whose dignity required that she should express, in very emphatic terms, her surprise and indignation at meeting me out of my place on the first stair-case.* But of all the scenes of my past life, perhaps few have left so deep an impression behind them, or are such frequent subjects of my meditations, as the details of my initiation into the art of canvassing, when, for the first time in my

* Some of my fair readers—if I have any—may imagine that this was a performance belonging exclusively to my era of fifty years ago. I am sorry to be obliged to state, that it was repeated with great applause within the last twelvemonth, by the lady of a right honourable in the sister isle; the delinquent being a gentleman of eminent talent, and fellow of a college at Oxford.

life, about fifty years ago, I took upon me to solicit "the most sweet voices of a committee of management." I was then fresh from college, where I had gained no inconsiderable share of distinction; and the hip! hip! hurrah! with which my health had been drank at the wine-party given to celebrate my high degree, was still vibrating in my ears. I had waited, however, for some months without being importuned by any pressing applications for the aid of my talents; and I therefore began to think that it was time to bring them into the market myself. The first thing that attracted my notice was an advertisement in the papers, by which the City authorities gave notice, that, amongst other articles, they wanted a classical and mathematical master for their recently endowed school at Puddledock. Not that I was altogether satisfied with the terms of the notice. I was displeased to find that this mastership was treated with so little reverence as to be made part of a collection, in which an English and a writing ditto, besides other sundries, were included: and I was still more mortified by the scale of salaries annexed. If this, as seemed likely, was to be the criterion of the relative estimation in which the different offices were held, that to which I aspired ranked not much above the porter's and very many degrees below the French master's. But then I, and, what was more, my landlady, had been for some time past living on my expectations; and, as there did not appear any prospect of these being speedily converted at par, I made up my mind to discount them at once, and accept the offered stipend of a hundred a year, with all its drawbacks in exchange. With this feeling I applied immediately for Lot 1 in the catalogue, and sent in my testimonials to the committee, by whom I was soon after selected from about five dozen applicants, to be one of a few approved candidates. But, alas! testimonials alone were of little avail in the City, even though they were, as the advertisement requested, of the very highest description. Of this fact I was not apprized till the very day of election, when, with my head full of the golden chains and mantles of common councilmen, I exchanged the banks of the Cam for those of the Thames; and with some difficulty found my way to the secretary of the Puddledock School Committee. "Of course," said that functionary, as soon as I had introduced myself, "of course you have seen all the members?"—"I thought I was to see them here this afternoon: I am sure I should not know where else to find them." "Why you don't mean to say," he replied, fairly startled from the dignity belonging to his station, "that you have not been canvassing the committee?" "I have only just now arrived from Cambridge, and never saw one of them in my life." "Well, then," said he, handing me a printed paper, "of course I do not speak officially; but I can assure you, as a friend, that, if you do not manage to see every one of these gentlemen by two o'clock to-day, you will not get a single vote in your favour." I gazed ruefully on the document, which contained a list of fifty-one persons, whose names and localities were alike unknown to me; and thought, as I finished reading them, of the 51st psalm, and of all my sins, for which this seemed too severe a penance. I had walked hastily from the Cambridge mail, purposing, shortsighted mortal as I was, to get business over first, and then, after a luxurious breakfast, "long drawn out," to spend the intervening hours in refreshing slum-

ber. Rudely was my cup of felicity dashed from my lips; and frightful was the prospect before me of running up and down filthy streets all the morning, with scarcely a chance of getting through the list in time. "Slowly and sadly" I sat me down in the shop of the nearest stationer to procure a pack of visiting cards, and multiply my name thereupon, before commencing my expedition. Seldom have I met with such a shilling's-worth of civility, to say nothing of the cards into the bargain—as I did on this occasion. The man stood by me all the time with the most indefatigable attention—mending pens for me—clearing my ink, and complimenting me on my handwriting, which happened to be infamous:—the blandest smiles playing on his face—and his whole body wreathed into the true curve of beauty. If one unlucky word had not destroyed the charm, I should have gone away with the impression that he was the politest tradesman within the limits. The transformation that was wrought in him, upon an incidental hint on my part, as to the object of my labours, was more astonishing than any thing that I could have conceived. The feats of the Gorgon's head in olden time, or Lot's wife turned into salt, are but faint images of it. A moment before I would have sworn that the man was gelatinous—that there was not in his whole structure any thing more rigid than butter—and that churned out of the milk of human kindness. A word spoken, and his veins ran with nothing softer than adamant. "Pray, Sir," he exclaimed as loudly as the congelation of his organs of utterance would permit, "do you consider my vote of any value? Because, Sir," he continued, furiously, as I did not reply, "if you do, you won't have it; and the next time you go canvassing, I hope you will set about it in a different sort of a way than coming and sitting down here without leave." Warned by this inauspicious commencement, I determined to go regularly through my list, that I might run no risk of offending dignity in disguise; and to take especial care that my deportment was not wanting in reverence for "the powers that were" of Puddledock. But with the next that I called on, no such caution was required. He was a man, as he himself assured me, that studied Christian humility before any other virtues, and was particularly anxious that his official station should not make him overbearing. He would not even suffer me to cool myself by ventilating my head after a fatiguing walk to him, in his presence. "Pray, Sir, do not think it necessary to remain uncovered before *me*. I do not require any thing of the sort. If it were not that one of the chairs in the shop will be wanted soon, and the other is not very strong, I would even ask you to be seated." In spite, however, of the condescension of this worthy haberdasher, he gave me more trouble than any other of my future masters, for he insisted on giving me so much assistance in the way of advice, that I expected to pass the whole day in his company; and if a customer had not come in for an ounce of worsted, I really think I should. Deputy Higgins of Whitechapel was the next on my list; and to him, of course, I proceeded. I found him deeply engaged in the interesting operation of disembowelling a calf, and I trembled for myself lest his politeness also should be of the condescending kind, and should so far overcome his industry as to prompt him to offer the right hand of fellowship. My fears were groundless: he suspended his labour indeed for a moment; but it was only to per-

form an horizontal motion with his arm, as he looked up; thus, at the same time honouring me with a sort of military salute, and saving himself the trouble of taking out a pocket handkerchief,—“Well, what can I do for you to-day?” said he, resuming his occupation—“Prime beef—good mutton,—capital veal.” “I called, Sir,” I answered, offering my card, “to solicit, &c. &c.” “O that is all, is it? Put that bit of paper down on the block, and let me look at it. Let us see,” he continued, “Mr. Brown, B. A. Ba—why that puts me in mind that I have got some lambs to stick;” and having seen that I laughed duly at his joke, which, as the number of candidates was large, must have been tolerably familiar, from repetition,—he retired without ceremony, and left me to pursue my travels.

But I will not weary the reader by dragging him about through all the dirty streets and dark passages which it was my fate to explore, before I had tracked out the 51st of my “worthy and independent electors:”—suffice it to say, that after having been a considerable time in the receipt of admonitions, reproofs, advice, and encouragement, without securing more than one or two stray promises, I reached the committee room—foot-sore and hungry, about an hour and a half after the time appointed—my topographical knowledge of London considerably enlarged, and my current stock of good temper somewhat diminished. There I found the whole collection of embryos—masters, assistants, and porters, conferring together on the unreasonable delay in bringing them to the birth. The Frenchmen, in particular, though the making of one would be the undoing of the rest, were drawn together by community of suffering, and were sacréeing away with a vehemence that made the chairs shake, as they talked of their loss of time and their absent pupils at Hoxton, Highbury, and Kennington.

The afternoon wore away; and as the French and English masters maintained their precedence before me, the lamps of Puddledock were already lighted before my turn came to be ushered into the presence-chamber. It was an impressive scene. At the end of a long table sat the chairman, two whitewanded vergers behind him, and a huge bouquet and imitation mace in front: by his side, the secretary, in a robe of many tags, which served him on Sunday as a parish clerk's gown; and before him two rows of venerable committee men, with whom my fate rested. I advanced to the table with the best copy that I could make from memory of the lord chancellor receiving “a deputation from the other house,” and gladly obeyed a signal to accept a seat. I had scarcely done so, before I discovered that I had somehow offended grievously against the laws of Puddledock etiquette. A Scotch tobacconist, whom I had unfortunately interrupted at dinner in the morning, asked very angrily “if any person had desired me to crook my hock.” The stationer, who sold me the cards, exclaimed that “I was sitting down without leave again;” and finally, the secretary, by the chairman's direction, informed me that “there was no minute of any vote that I should be requested to sit down.” He was interrupted by my friend, the facetious butcher, who cried out—“I move it then:” whereupon ensued much stamping of feet, and loud and general cries of “Chair, chair.” These in my confusion I took to be directed towards the piece of furniture, of which I had taken possession; and therefore hastily pushed it to the numerous claimants for it. Ulti-

mately I was directed to withdraw ; and the motion "That Mr. Brown be invited to take a seat," was formally debated with all the warmth due to so important a question. On my readmission, as the invitation was not given, I concluded that the noes had it, and therefore maintained my perpendicular, with all the evenness of mind and body that I could muster. An intimation from the chairman, that "it was competent to any honourable member to put questions to the gentleman before them," was a signal to "let loose the dogs of war ;" and most energetically did they all open upon me. Seldom, even at their civic hunt, could they have more enjoyed their sport, than they appeared to do on the present occasion. Questions, simple, double, and multi-form—direct, oblique, and circuitous—were shot up, down, and across the table with the most zealous minuteness, and with utter disregard of the unities of time and place. But long before the ardour of the pack was abated, the game had escaped. Want of food and sleep had reduced my strength ; and my erect posture was too much for me. The foggy atmosphere became more foggy still,—chairman, secretary, and committee were all wrapt in one haze ; and when I next opened my eyes, it was in a small bed in a neighbouring public-house. The catastrophe, however, was a fortunate one for me. My fainting was attributed to modesty, and to alarm at the august presence in which I was standing ; and this made so favourable an impression on their presence-ship's mind, that at their adjourned meeting, I was, by a large majority, elected to the responsible station of classical and mathematical master in Puddledock school.

LINES.

WHEN maiden's tender heart must sever
 From all its loves—to part for ever—
 She must repine—she cannot less,
 Although by ev'ry creed forbidden :
 She must lament her only bliss
 For ever from her glances hidden ;—
 Then, in her sorrow, will she cry,
 "Where is thine aid, Philosophy ?
 Oh ! let the moody sophist preach
 A resignation in despair ;
 He cannot do what he will teach,
 But all a maiden's mis'ry share,
 Were he an equal loss to bear.
 We are but frail—we are but clay,
 Weak mortals of a little day,
 Nor can we mark those hopes decay,
 That all our early youth has nourish'd,
 Without a wish to call once more
 The times when they so gaily flourish'd—
 Times that we vainly ponder o'er !—
 Is there a rose that never faded—
 A blossom that no cloud has shaded ?
 Show me their climate on the earth,
 And all my grief shall turn to mirth !"

PORTRAITS FROM THE PEERAGE:

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND DOMESTIC.

BY THOMAS HARRAL.

LORD LYNDHURST.

Ultra pergere.

"Ultra pergere!"—Yes ! for, astonishing as is the advance which Lord Lyndhurst has already made in the path of political fame, and honour, and glory, it is written in the Book of Fate that he shall yet "proceed farther." According to the present aspect of affairs, and the common course of events, it is every thing but an impossibility that his Lordship should not, ere long, be either again, for the *third* time, Lord High Chancellor, or First Lord of the Treasury. For our own parts, we would rather see him in the latter than in the former post. Great and varied as are Lord Lyndhurst's professional acquirements, extensive as is his experience, justly distinguished as he has been by the acuteness and soundness of his judicial decisions, it would be more grateful to our feelings to hail him as Premier of Britain than as Lord of the Woolsack. And this we say without any wish to depreciate the ability of Sir Robert Peel. No poet can feel himself degraded by being ranked as inferior to Shakspeare ; no modern statesman can in reason be offended by being thought second to Lord Lyndhurst. Sir Robert is unquestionably a man of high talent—of much tact—a most able debater—possessed of every routine qualification for public business—admirably suited for the office of Home Secretary—admirably qualified, by temperament, by education, by habit, for leading and "managing" the House of Commons ; but his warmest admirers, if unprejudiced and honest, must admit that, compared with Lord Lyndhurst, he is vastly inferior to that nobleman. The cool judgment, the statesman-like views, the expansive grasp of mind, the lofty intellectual power, of Lord Lyndhurst—to say nothing of his clear and simple, forcible, convincing, and commanding eloquence—place him above all his contemporaries.

Viewing him in this light, it is impossible for the writer not to wish to see Lord Lyndhurst invested with the seals of office as Prime Minister. Such an appointment would speedily enable the government to accomplish all that may be desirable at home ; and abroad—in the eyes of every foreign court—it would restore us from the state of national abasement into which we have fallen, inspire new confidence, and re-elevate us to that proud and dignified station which, for ages, we had been accustomed to occupy.

In our opening paper we promised, that, in presenting sketches of the memoirs of living personages, it would be sketches *only* that we should offer. To this position we shall adhere in our notice of Lord

Lyndhurst: shrinking from the dulness and tediousness of political detail, our design is to glance at his Lordship's career as a jurist and as a statesman; to indicate rather than to enlarge upon the leading events of his public life.

It is always desirable to know who and what were the parents of our great men. In the history of the fine arts, the name of Copley stands honourably distinguished. John Singleton Copley, Esq., R. A., an eminent historical painter, and the father of Lord Lyndhurst, was born at Boston, in America, in the year 1737. He married the daughter of Richard Clarke, Esq. Of this union, John Singleton Copley, now Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, in the county of Southampton, was the sole offspring. He was born on the 21st of May, 1772. Two years after his son's birth, Mr. Copley, persecuted as a loyalist, was compelled to quit the land of his birth. Accordingly, having arranged his affairs at Boston, he left America for England, with the intention of proceeding thence to Italy. The first of these objects achieved, he left London for Rome in the autumn of the same year, 1774. Three years afterwards he became an Associate, and in 1783 he was elected a Royal Academician. Attaining the highest honours of his profession, he resided many years in George Street, Hanover Square, in the very house which, we believe, is now occupied by Lord Lyndhurst.

For the first six years young Copley pursued his education at a private seminary; but, in 1789, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, to finish. There, as a mathematician, he greatly distinguished himself. In 1794 he graduated B. A., became second wrangler, and obtained Smith's prize against a competitor of eminent standing. To his extraordinary proficiency in mathematics may doubtlessly be ascribed much of his closeness of reasoning, much of his clearness and force of demonstration; for, as it has been justly observed, his Lordship always prefers, "where the subject admits of a choice, the geometrical to the logical process of deduction."

At college Mr. Copley made the acquaintance of several eminent literary and scientific characters. From Professor Farish, in particular, he imbibed his love of mechanics and of practical chemistry—still favourite pursuits of his leisure hours.

As "Travelling Bachelor," an office to which he had been appointed at the university, Mr. Copley missed not the opportunity of visiting the home of his fathers. Returning to England, he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1797. He also obtained a fellowship, but resigned it in consequence of his declining to follow the profession of divinity.

In the year 1800 Mr. Copley entered himself a student of the Temple; and, in regular course, received his professional call. He first practised as a special pleader. Though intending to follow the common law, he also studied equity and conveyancing, from his acquaintance with which he derived much advantage in after-life.

Mr. Copley was successful almost from the commencement of his forensic career. He took the Midland Circuit; from the first day that he had an opportunity of demonstrating his power he was extensively engaged; and only a comparatively short time elapsed ere he became the leader of the circuit, and ultimately stepped into the practice of Mr. (after Sergeant) Rough.

In 1813 Mr. Copley assumed the coil; upon which occasion he adopted for his motto on the gift-rings, *Studiis vigilare severis*.

Sir Charles Wetherell, whose perspicacity no one ever questioned, was the first to estimate the superior ability of the rising young lawyer; and at his request, and in conjunction with him, Mr. Copley undertook the defence of Watson, and of Thistlewood. It was probably about this time, or soon afterwards, that the amusing circumstance referred to in the following statement occurred:—"Some twenty years ago," observes a writer in the *John Bull* newspaper, of December 10, 1837, "a party sought to recover damages for an infringement of a patent right to certain ingenious and complicated machinery which produces bobbins, Mr. Copley was counsel in the cause. Mr. Copley read his brief, which was as thick as a year's pile of *Bull*, but could not understand it, simply because the attorney who had drawn it had put down, like hobnails at so much per million, nothing but words—words—words. Mr. Copley then consulted Johnson's definition of 'net-work,' and became more entangled than ever; and then Mr. Copley doffed his wig, put himself into a Nottingham coach, sent for a workman, treated him with the 'cause of drunkenness,' took a machine to pieces, put it together again, arranged the raw material, and then made, with his own hands, several yards of bobbin-net, a bit of which is actually now before us. When the cause was on trial Mr. Copley astonished the judge, alarmed the jury, and frightened even his own clients, for each and all of them felt that Mr. Copley had realized one of Shakspeare's dreams under the magic mantle of Prospero. It was by means of this conjuration Mr. Copley succeeded in convincing the litigants that their common interests consisted in putting an end to litigation, and in improving both the patent machinery and that which was said to be an infringement on it. From that day bobbin-net became, for many years, the staple trade of Nottingham, which has now the honour of being represented in Parliament by a gentleman whose colleagues have since transferred that trade to France, Russia, and the United States, and who now propose to mend the matter by making the Queen's Bench racket-ground into a place for tread-mills." This little narrative, while it illustrates the earnestness, ingenuity, and fine tact of its gifted subject, may be received as an important lesson to many of our showy counsel, who, to the bitter cost of their clients, frequently go into court to plead causes, of all the essential points of which they are in a state of Egyptian darkness.

In the year 1815 Mr. Copley lost his father, who then died at the age of seventy-seven, having retained his faculties, and even the use of his pencil, to the close of life.* The venerable old man painted a portrait of his son, the last he ever produced, only the year before.

* As an artist, Mr. Copley was distinguished by precociousness of talent. At the age of seven, untaught and unstimulated, except by his native genius—for there was then neither a painting school nor a drawing master in Boston—he was in the habit of sketching with charcoal on the bare walls of an apartment in his father's house, groups of martial figures engaged in some imaginative adventure. His succeeding productions were chiefly portraits and domestic groups, to which the wild-wood scenery of America generally formed back-grounds. Between the years 1760 and 1767, he sent several pictures to England for the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, then in its

Mrs. Copley survived him till the year 1836; having been scarcely ever separated from the son whom she deeply loved, and in whose proud fame and fortunes it had been her favoured lot to participate.

The masterly powers which Mr. Copley displayed on the memorable trials of Watson, Thistlewood, Cashman, Hooper, and Preston, for treason, at once fixed the attention of the government and of the country. Soon afterwards (in 1818) he was appointed Chief Justice of Chester, and subsequently King's Sergeant, when he retired from his professional duties on the circuit. In the year 1818 he was also returned M. P. for the Borough of Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight.

In an ephemeral publication of this period, entitled "*The Bar, with Sketches of Eminent Judges, Barristers,*" &c., we find him thus amusingly characterized. The adverse party alluded to by the writer was Mr. Sergeant (afterwards Baron) Vaughan:—

" Him lynx-eyed Copley sternly views afar,
Frowns bold defiance, and prepares for war;
Measures his rival with undaunted eye,
Like one resolved to conquer or to die.
Now burns the fight—the host on either side
In breathless silence the event abide.
Crafty and cool, sly Copley shifts his ground,
And leads his strong assailant round and round;
Who, losing both his temper and his breath,
Drives like a Turk for victory or death!
Fierce as a fiend, he falls with vengeful ire
Foul on the foe, and should his piece miss fire,
While in disorder for a time he's known,
With the butt end at once he knocks him down."

Mr. Sergeant Copley was now in the high road of honour and preferment. In 1819 he was appointed to the office of Solicitor General, and invested with the honour of knighthood.

In the same year, he married Sarah Garay, daughter of Charles Brunsdell, Esq., of the city of London, and widow of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas, of the First Foot Guards; one of the many heroes whose loss the country had to lament in the victory of Waterloo.

It was in 1820 that Sir John Copley, in his capacity of Solicitor-

infancy. The high excellence of one of these in particular—a Boy and a Tame Squirrel struck the Academicians with surprise; it was a portrait of his half-brother, Henry Pelham. While studying the works of the fine old masters in Italy, his mind was enlarged, and his powers were increased. Amongst his first performances in England was his well-known *Death of Chatham*. This was followed by the *Death of Major Pierson*. His next subject—*The Repulse and Defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries at Gibraltar*—was upon a large scale, twenty-five feet in length, by twelve and a half feet in height. This painting, which was commissioned by the Common Council of the city of London for their hall, presents more than a dozen portraits of the chief actors in the scene; amongst which are Lord Heathfield, Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Green, &c. To that noble institution, Christ's Hospital, he presented a picture of the memorable *Escape of Brook Watson*, when a Sea Boy, from a Shark. Another of his large paintings, in which he introduced nearly sixty portraits, is *The Arrest of the Five Members of the Commons*, by Charles the First. At the advanced age of seventy, this artist painted, and sent to the Somerset House Exhibition, portraits of the Earl of Northampton, Baron Graham, Viscount Dudley and Ward, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth) at a review, &c. His last production, excepting the portrait of his son, mentioned in the text, was *The Resurrection*.

General, appeared as one of the *ex officio* prosecutors of her late majesty, Queen Caroline. What might be Sir John's real feelings or opinions on this unfortunate subject—a subject which, for a time, divided the nation, set friend against friend, brother against brother, parent against child—it would here be altogether irrelevant to inquire. It is one of the “*beautiful fictions*” of the law, that a counsel, when he goes into court, knows nothing of the cause which he has been hired to undertake, beyond what is stated in his brief. It has been justly observed, however, that “too often this *fiction* is a gross *falsehood*. Too often does a counsel go into court, possessing a perfect knowledge that the cause which he is about to advocate is a *rotten* one; that his client is a *scoundrel*; and that should he, by quirk, quibble, or impudence, succeed in gaining the day, he may be the ruin of a *just, honest, and honourable* man.”* So much for the general respectability of the bar!—With reference to Sir John Copley, in this particular case, suffice it to say, that, in its progress, his professional attainments and his rhetorical powers were displayed to the utmost advantage.

From the office of Solicitor-General, Sir John Copley was advanced to that of Attorney-General, in 1824; when he was also returned as one of the representatives in Parliament of the borough of Ashburton, in the county of Devon. In 1826, after a severe contest, he was elected, in conjunction with Lord Palmerston, M. P. for the University of Cambridge.

Soon afterwards—in the same year—Sir John Copley was, on the death of Lord Gifford, appointed Master of the Rolls. Obligated, in consequence, to vacate his seat in Parliament, he was re-elected M. P. for the University of Cambridge. It was soon after his appointment to the Mastership of the Rolls, that he delivered his memorable speech in opposition to the claims of the Roman Catholics. Notwithstanding that speech, however, at a subsequent period, when Government, from motives which have never yet been explained, thought proper to accede to those claims, he, then filling one of the highest offices of state, gave the measure his support. Yet, at this act of apparent inconsistency, the reader would be little surprised, were he acquainted with the facts (certain secrets of the prison-house) which have fallen under our cognizance.

Higher honours yet awaited Sir John Copley. In 1827, on the retirement of Lord Eldon, he was elevated to the dignity of Lord High

* *Vide* note by the editor of “Mirabeau's Letters during his Residence in England,” Vol. I. p. 369; where a parallel is drawn between the hirelings of the press and hirelings of the bar. “In cases of prosecution for libel,” observes the writer whom we have quoted from, “counsel are often heard declaiming furiously, with stentorian lungs, making the walls of the court resound with the words—‘*Hirelings of the Press!*’ What is a *hireling*? Does it never occur to these gentlemen, that there are *honest* as well as *dishonest* hirelings? The *labourer* is *worthy* of his *hire*. And are not these gentlemen themselves *hirelings*—*hirelings*, too, who receive their *hire* before they perform their *labour*? What in particular is a *hireling* of the *press*? He *may*, and he *may not* be—in most instances, probably, he *is*—an *honest* man, *honestly* advocating what he believes to be a *just* and *honest* course; and such, confessedly, is the indefinite nature of the *law of libel*, that the most *honest*, the most *virtuous*, the most *loyal*, the most *patriotic* writer in existence, may unintentionally—unconsciously—fall into its meshes. And what is a *hireling* of the *bar*?” The answer to this question may be seen above.

Chancellor of England. On this occasion, he was raised to the peerage (by patent, dated April 27, 1827) as Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, in the county of Southampton.

Lord Lyndhurst held the Great Seal three years; when (in 1830), after the demise of his Majesty, George the Fourth, he, with the Wellington administration, retired from office.

It should be remarked, however, that, whilst Lord Chancellor, his conduct, in assenting to the claims of the Roman Catholics, of which he had formerly been a most strenuous opponent, gave great offence in some quarters. It also rendered him exceedingly unpopular with some of the London Journals, in which, with that utter and reckless dereliction of moral principle by which the tools of party are frequently distinguished, he was charged with improper distribution of his official patronage. A particular accusation was, that he had accepted from Sir Edward Sugden, the then Solicitor-General, a large sum of money for having procured his advancement to that post; but this the Chancellor fully repelled, by prosecuting his accusers in the Court of King's Bench, where he completely vindicated his character.

In 1831, Lord Lyndhurst was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Early in the year 1834, a grievous domestic calamity befel his Lordship. He and Lady Lyndhurst had left Paris, where they had been passing a few weeks, on their return to England, to which his Lordship was called by his professional duties. On their journey, Lady Lyndhurst was taken ill, subsequently, if our memory be correct, to a premature confinement. Her Ladyship found it impossible to advance farther than Boulogne; and there Lord Lyndhurst was under the agonizing necessity of leaving his beloved and dying wife. A brief illness terminated her sufferings: her Ladyship expired on the 15th of January, at the early age of thirty-eight, leaving three daughters—Sarah Elizabeth, Susan Penelope, and another—respectively born in the years 1821, 1822, and 1828. Of one of these daughters—the eldest, we believe—Lord Lyndhurst was bereaved, by that relentless destroyer of youth and beauty, consumption, in the summer of 1837. She died at Paris, whither her distressed father was summoned to receive her latest breath.—Lady Lyndhurst was confessedly one of the finest and most attractive women of the age. This may easily be accredited by all who have seen her portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, or even that by Sir David Wilkie. It is impossible to imagine aught richer, more luxuriant, more magnificent than her dark and profusely flowing tresses.—Lady Lyndhurst's remains were brought to England, and deposited in the new church of St. John's, Paddington, attended by Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Henley, Mr. Shephard, and Mr. Lockhart; followed by the private carriages of the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Holland, Chief Justice Tindal, the Master of the Rolls, the Barons Bayley, Bolland, Vaughan, and Gurney, Judge Alderson, and an unusually long train.

Lord Lyndhurst continued to preside over the Court of Exchequer till the spring of 1835. At the close of the preceding year, the Melbourne Ministry were most unceremoniously expelled from office. Early in 1835, Sir Robert Peel, hurriedly summoned from Italy by his Sovereign, assumed the administration of public affairs; and, under

his auspices, Lord Lyndhurst again accepted the custody of the Great Seal, with, for the second time, all the honours of Lord High Chancellor.

Unfortunately, perhaps, for the country, Lord Melbourne's Ministry were dismissed from office at a point of time when the conservative party were not in sufficient numerical force to succeed them with the desired effect. The consequence was, that, after a very brief existence, the Peel and Wellington cabinet resigned, and Lord Melbourne again became Premier. Lord Lyndhurst accompanied his political friends in their retirement; and, as a matter of course, whenever they may be once more called to power, his Lordship will not fail to be with them.

In the autumn of 1835, Lord Lyndhurst again entered the matrimonial state by uniting himself with a daughter of Lewis Goldsmith, Esq., a gentleman well known in the literary world, as the author of numerous political publications, of a strong party character, and more particularly as the editor of a Newspaper, first called *The Anti-Gallican*, and afterwards *The British Monitor*. Were we to enlarge upon his works, Mr. Goldsmith would, probably, not thank us for our pains.

In former times, the Court of Exchequer was the least important Court—the Court of least business—in Westminster Hall. Lord Lyndhurst, by his profound and varied legal knowledge, by his great general abilities, by close attention to the duties of his high office, rendered it one of the most popular Courts in the kingdom. His Lordship is at once the most courteous and the most impartial of Judges.

They who may happen to recollect the eminent skill, the facility, the lucidness, the impartiality of Mr. Justice Le Blanc, and of Sir Robert Dallas, in summing up evidence, will not have listened less delightedly to Lord Lyndhurst in his discharge of that great and important duty.

Amongst the more impressive Parliamentary speeches delivered by his Lordship, may be mentioned those on Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, Local Courts, English Corporations, Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, Abolition of the Punishment of Death for Forgery, the Close of the Session of 1836, &c.

Cool, amiable, and generous in temper—easy and lively, refined and elegant in manner—close and subtle, calmly sarcastic, irresistibly argumentative, and overpoweringly eloquent—with a voice, too, that is perfect music—a diction chaste, bland, and flowing—never forgetting that he is the gentleman as well as the orator—can it be wondered at that, in private, Lord Lyndhurst should be “the observed of all observers?”—that, on the Bench, his decisions should be received as the *dicta* of one of a superior order?—that, in the House of Peers, he should carry every thing before him? There is something absolutely startling in the idea of encountering Lord Lyndhurst as an opponent.

JUANA, A NOVICIATE IN A PORTUGUESE CONVENT.

At a very short distance from the town of Esquera is situated the convent of Santa Maria. This edifice, which is now most probably fallen to ruin and decay, was at the period of which I am writing one of the most celebrated religious communities in Beira, and was particularly renowned for its immense wealth and the number of young ladies of high rank who formed the sisterhood. It is the Portuguese custom, that novices are permitted to enjoy the pleasures and gaieties of the world for one month preparatory to taking the veil, by which they are excluded from them for ever. The lovely Ippolita dos Sontas was enjoying this momentary view of those pleasures that are so delightful to a young mind, and with a smiling happy countenance was listening in evident admiration to the conversation of a handsome, well-informed English officer, who, with a friend, had joined the evening tertullia, at which she was present for the last time.

"We are compelled to go hence in another week, Donna Ippolita," said he, after a pause; "may I hope that our acquaintance may not cease from this evening, and that I may be allowed to be in your society during my short stay here?"

"Alas! Captain Stuart," she hurriedly replied, "I have no power to grant your request; long ere the moon sheds her cold silvery beams on yonder grove, I shall have bid adieu to home, the world, and all that it contains. No ray of hope to cheer my gloomy cell. Nothing to render existence desirable, save one kindred-soul which pines to free itself from that captivity to which I am doomed. Would to heaven my imagination had never been permitted to revel in such intoxicating scenes of splendour as these! I should then have remained contented and resigned to my fate, although not happy; but the cloister will be my living grave as long as I continue to drag on my miserable existence. To-morrow I take the veil at the convent of Santa Maria."

"I swear you shall not be so sacrificed, if it is in the power of mortal man to save you, Donna," said Captain S.

"You would not interfere with my duty to the will of my parents?" she replied with a reproachful look.

"We will certainly witness the ceremony," said Lieutenant Selwyn (his companion), "for I heard such singing there at vespers lately as I can never forget, and, looking up in the direction of the voice, beheld a countenance so beautiful that time will never efface it from my memory."

"It was Juana, she of whom I spoke but a few minutes since," said Ippolita, with a mournful smile; "hers is a melancholy history. Her mother married beneath herself, and was in consequence an alien from her family; and her husband, who had merely married her for her supposed wealth, shortly deserted her, leaving her with the infant Juana totally unprovided for. This cruel treatment broke

her heart. She died, and her child was brought up as a humble companion to her own cousin, who having lately married, Juana was given the alternative of becoming a nun or being turned adrift upon a world in which she had no friends. She chose the former."

At this moment Ippolita's duenna, who had attended her at the tertullia, told her it was time to retire; which she did, having bid farewell to the young officers.

Brightly did the morrow dawn, and merrily did the bells peal, as the convent gates were thrown open to admit the crowd of spectators who were thronging to witness the approaching ceremony. Our two young Englishmen had taken care to secure good places by being early. The service commenced. Ippolita wept, but her tears were laid to the impressiveness of the vow by which she was about to dedicate herself to Heaven. Towards the conclusion, when the abbess was exhorting her to calm her feelings and take a last glimpse of the world (that is to say, the dense crowd of persons who surrounded her), preparatory to clipping her beautiful locks of jet black hair, and whilst all eyes were in consequence turned towards that direction, Juana approached Lieutenant Selwyn, and with that skill for intrigue which is inherent in a Portuguese, let her handkerchief fall, and, stooping to pick it up, addressed him hurriedly, in an under tone, to the following effect:—"Provide a ladder of ropes, and be in the convent garden by the eastern wall during the midnight mass."

At the appointed time Juana and Ippolita (who had easily been prevailed on to accompany her in her flight), having feigned illness, after the fatigue and excitement of the morning, stole to the rendezvous with noiseless steps, and found the two gentlemen awaiting them, who expressed great delight at their determination. There was an English vessel about to set sail immediately, they informed them, and on their arrival in this country a Protestant clergyman would join their hands in wedlock. Ippolita was assisted up the ladder by Selwyn, who, having lowered it on the other side, she was clasped in the arms of Captain Stuart; and the ladder having been replaced for Juana, the unfortunate nun began to ascend it, but, when about half-way, the rope broke, and she was precipitated into the garden beneath, where she lay groaning in anguish. To save her was impossible, and to have remained with her was to have sacrificed the lives of three persons—they had no resource but instant flight. Selwyn however lingered near the convent, determined to save his Juana, or perish with her. His constancy was rewarded; Juana made no confession, and therefore did not implicate him; and, by making friends with the confessor, obtained permission to witness her trial and impalement, and thus obtained a knowledge of the part of the building in which her living grave was situated. In an incredibly short time he succeeded in displacing the bricks, which were carelessly piled up, without attracting observation. Not quitting on the night of her interment, and having purchased two monks' dresses, he succeeded, in two days' time, in bearing the delighted Juana out of the country, by means of one of those subterraneous passages which are always to be found in the vaults of a nunnery; and the joyful

tidings having been forwarded to Captain Stuart, they arrived in England four days after, and the two friends were united on the same day:—Ippolita to Captain Stuart, and the now happy Juana to her gallant preserver.

They are now grown old, and laugh as they indulge their grandchildren with a recital of their youthful adventures, and tremble to think of the risk they run in entrusting themselves to the guidance of two gay young officers, but who, fortunately for them, have made most exemplary husbands, and did not betray the trust put in them.*

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

I SLEPT,—'twas the sleep of the gladsome soul,
I dreamt,—'twas a dream of delight,
I gazed on the radiance of far off lands
Upon that glorious night.

Methought I was borne to a sunlit hill
Whose summit pierced the sky,
And I fancied the night of time was past,
And eternity's morn was nigh.

A beautiful Being with sunbeams robed,
And plumed with a Seraph's wings,
Whispered in accents of sweetest tone,
"I will show thee celestial things."

And then on the pinions of swiftest flight
We sped our glorious soaring,
And I caught from afar the mighty strains
That the heavenly hosts were pouring.

I saw a City whose gates were pearls,
And the streets were of fine pure gold;
And the walls were of Jasper and Sardine stone,
Too sparkling for man to behold.

And there was the Emerald Rainbow Throne,
And round it thousands bending;
And I heard them chaunt their glorious hymns,
With the air of Heaven blending.

And bright was the raiment the minstrels wore,
All white as the snowy robe,
That mantles the valley and mountain side,
When Winter hath girt the globe.

And no sigh I heard, nor the sound of lament
From the lips of the heavenly band;
But their lyres were swept to the notes of praise
As they marched through the glittering land.

And I saw the sun which shall never go down,
And the moon which endures for ever,
And the waters of life came rushing by
As they flowed from the Crystal River.

But soon, alas! the vision was past,
The dream of joy was o'er;
And I woke 'midst the music of that glad choir,
And the sound of the waters' roar.

J. F.

* Our correspondent says, "he knows the story to be more or less founded on fact, as he is acquainted with some of the parties."—Ed.

ON THE DEMOCRACY OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE BOURGEOISIE OF FRANCE.

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La Democratie en Amerique. Par M. de Tocqueville.

Lettres sur l' Amerique du Nord. Par M. Michel Chevalier.

It has been confidently asserted during the last twenty years that the spirit of Democracy was rapidly increasing, and the French Revolution of 1830 has apparently given a manifest confirmation to that opinion. When Aristocracy is judged by its own merits, and we find that its total inefficiency is clearly demonstrated, it would almost appear that the friends to Democracy need scarcely attempt to obtain their ends by renewed violence, but may tranquilly await those results which the progressive and rapid development of ideas is destined to bring about. The ancient feudal organization now every where succumbs to new wants and new interests. Even in countries where those interests do not possess legal representation in the state, nor the inhabitants a right of expressing their opinions—even there is liberty begun to be understood, and the sabre would ere now have been drawn from its sheath, had nations more confidence in their own intrinsic powers.

When we thus observe the old military monarchies, as they may be called, succumb beneath the force of principles which are the very antipodes to the conditions of the existence of despotism, it seems reasonable to suppose that these revolutionary movements will continue to pursue their course in proportion as social interests and intelligence direct the march. The political accession of Democracy has therefore been represented as the approximating and fatal termination to that path which is pursued by liberal nations in the present day; and because few have comprehended the real meaning and fathomed the depth of the intermediate opinion now prevalent, it has been scarcely considered otherwise than as a momentary delay fore-running an era of important change.

Hence every eye has been lately turned to that continent where the theory of a government existing by numerical majority has been so successfully reduced to practice, that nothing remains unprovided for in the immense circle traced by its legislation. In the midst of the conflicting discussions, arguments, and opinions originated by the Revolution of July, France began to study America, which had hitherto been represented by one party as a model of excellence, and by others as the tomb of all useful and necessary institutions. In the eighteenth century, philosophers chiefly occupied themselves with China, because that country afforded a remarkable contrast in presenting a picture of extraordinary civilization founded on polytheism in opposition to another based upon Christianity. A deep solicitude—which, if not similar, is at least not less lively—now induces us to direct our attention towards the United States; and, as justice demanded, France has had the honour of that study of initiation. She

has not contented herself with simply sketching isolated portions of a vast whole ; she has not judged the Americans in reference to her own peculiar refinement, nor with regard to their generally unpolished manners, rude address, and ill-cut garments. Such criticism was beneath her notice, and only belongs to weak and frivolous women. Seriously considering those vast tracts where nature and man appear to maintain a tacit warfare, the former on the side of grandeur, the latter on that of power and capacity, she has penetrated into the very heart of American institutions to examine their worth, and she has studied with a most exemplary impartiality the causes and present support of a prosperity which rather seems to belong to those times when imagination carries us back to the glories of our early being, than to a century in which all is as yet imperfect. Two French works in particular have attracted public attention, and thrown into a strange controversy an important mass of speculations, opinions, and new facts—two works totally discrepant in style, at variance in point of views, and yet so singularly linked together as to appear a commencement and a sequel, the one as it regards the other.

The author of *La Democratie en Amerique* has deeply studied the spirit of American laws, and has brought them back to the pureness of their originating principle : the author of the *Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord* has closely observed the effects of an extensive and just distribution of labour on the condition of a people as yet in its infancy. M. de Tocqueville has systematized doctrines ; M. Michel Chevalier has studied those facts that render them applicable. If they accord together in their speculations on political results, the tendency of their motives is totally different. The former, confidently believing in the excellence of the old monarchical governments of Europe, fancies that a similar system will shortly be introduced to the United States ; the latter, an enthusiastic disciple in the cause of liberal democracy, is satisfied that Europe will in process of time imbibe and embrace the principles entertained by the Americans. M. de Tocqueville is didactic and rational in his conclusions, as if he imagined that logic alone rules the world : his book is the development of original ideas, and during the perusal it is easy to discover that a close imitation of the style of Montesquieu, combined with a fixed and inflexible determination to be perspicuous and rational, has totally put a stop to those happy flights of natural talent in which an unshackled mind would have indulged. M. Chevalier is elaborate and free : less stern—less severe in his principles, he is more daring in his conclusions : his thoughts wander ever and anon from America to Europe, from the present to the future, with the rapidity of those rail-roads which he depicts in a manner at once picturesque and scientific : in fine, his letters are a long series of impressions which, if they be not always correct, do not the less exemplify, in every instance, a vast insight and penetration.

The fact is, that America is better understood by Europeans than by its own citizens. While she is occupied in self-contemplation and self-admiration—a state of quiescent beatitude originated by *amour-propre*—we are in a situation which enables us to judge of her with impartiality and calmness ; and we are at length enabled to decide

one of the grandest and most difficult problems of the age. We purpose to consider in this article, *first*, whether in destroying the ancient aristocratic monarchies of Europe, the American democracy would replace those feudal systems; and, *secondly*, whether the unlimited application of the principle of the sovereignty of the people, as it exists in the United States, is with regard to France the corollary of the government of the middle classes.

It has been judiciously remarked that what constitutes in its essence the government of the United States, is simply the sovereignty of the majority which is perceptible in all its reality, which modifies manners and usages as well as laws, and which has become an existing principle universally admitted, instead of having remained in a state of philosophical abstraction. The American government is the people directing their own affairs, administering for themselves independent of control or resistance, influencing their national representation by the frequency of their elections, and watching over their private and public interests with a jealous and suspicious solicitude. If the American government be representative in form, it is nevertheless directly popular in its spirit. The brief duration of the magistrature and the parliament or Congress in the United States necessarily imbues the various successive administrations with the inevitable bent of ideas, prejudices, and passions which must influence those into whose hands the government of the country is momentarily entrusted. Hence is frequently imposed upon individuals the necessity of veiling their true characters beneath the garb of hypocrisy; and if this censure be but little galling to the people of the United States, it is accounted for by the fact that none ever had the audacity nor the wish to fly from it. The inequality, which is remarkable in fortune, is not admitted to extend to intelligence; and even that very inequality itself—the only one tolerated—is concealed beneath an exterior that invariably protects it.

If opulence have permitted the United States, as it long ago has allowed Europe, to indulge in the pleasures and luxuries of life,—that interior and secret luxury, which resembles the one in vogue amongst the Jews of the middle ages, does not modify and change the general habits that have stamped American life with a stern and monotonous aspect. The rich merchant, who was poor yesterday, and may become so again to-morrow, grasps without hesitation the hand of the common labourer or mechanic, whose suffrage decides, the same as his own, the greatest interests of the state, and which suffrage is not purchased by riches nor birth. In America, Democracy has changed the coffee-rooms of taverns into drawing-rooms, newspapers into exclusive organs, and religious meetings into a means of recreation and *spectacle*. Every thing is inspired or modified by the pervasive spirit of democracy.

In the United States public opinion is subjected to the influence of certain institutions, in order to react upon them in its turn. Seldom concentrated in original and studied compositions, it escapes in fugitive harangues, and echoes all impressions without aspiring to the honour of rectifying the false, and discriminating the just. Numbers overruling sense and understanding, intelligence never seeks to com-

bat against a multitude ; and thus America is the only country in the world where proselytism through the medium of public opinion is impossible.

That equality, which is not less established by the vicissitudes and chances of an adventurous life than by the laws, is expressed most intimately and completely by universal suffrage—the portion of the American constitution, which is at once the fundamental principle and the guarantee of its existence. And how shall we deny the dogma of numerical supremacy, such as we see applied each day and without danger to the people of the United States, to be that sovereignty which acknowledges no law save itself, which would rather do wrong than have its rights contested, and which is expressed in the axiom that declares, “The people need not be right to legitimize their actions”—an axiom which exceeds all other repugnances, insults the ancient political creed of Europe, whose monarchies it would gladly overthrow, and at the same time—singular as may appear the coincidence—is so inoffensive in the United States, that it is not thought worth while to discuss its truth !

Arrived at this point, it is impossible not to be struck by the incompatibility existing between our ideas and those of the Americans. That doctrine which teaches the necessity of the preponderance of numbers over the wisdom of a few—a doctrine, which makes all men equal, and on which reposes the fabric of all laws and customs in the United States—must naturally appear to the narrow-minded European every thing that is most averse to his ideas, comprehension, and belief. In France this is quite different. There is no country in the universe where the idea of truth and justice is more completely separated from that of numerical superiority and force : amidst their most ardent thirst for innovation and change, the French were more or less logical and rational. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, represented by universal suffrage, is as repugnant to the mind of a Frenchman as a monarchical government founded on the fabled divine right of kings.

In the continent of Europe—a continent peopled by reasoners and profound politicians, the theory of numerical supremacy will never be firmly established. The doctrine of universal suffrage is not in general good odour with even men of very liberal opinions : and perhaps it were only sufficient to notice from what mouths the argument issues, to convince ourselves that centuries must elapse before such theories can be well received amongst us even as matters for calm and deliberate discussion.

But how has it happened that a doctrine, so flourishing and so prevalent in the United States, is merely looked upon as a baseless theory in its application to France—that France, whose sons are so prone to change, and where political vicissitude is of such frequent occurrence ? Revolutions cause the development and not the transformation of people, and every society is identified with itself. Particularly in a comparison between America and Europe do these truths appear the more glaring, and are substantiated by more irrefutable evidence. Let us retrospect, through the mirror of history, to the foundation of the United States.

In those stormy times, when religious discord lacerated the bosom of the Old World, numberless individuals of upright character—according to the ideas of their contemporaries—and austere morals, traversed the ocean, to practise in a foreign and fruitful clime those virtues which their own countries could neither appreciate nor endure. To the sacred equality prevalent amongst those votaries of the reformation was immediately associated the “equality of the desert,” and the pioneer was formed from the puritan. The members of that little circle of society—the only one of the kind, perhaps, at that time existing in the world—asserted no superiority one over another: they all deemed themselves martyrs in a common cause, and were devoted to the same end. In leaving their ancient land—the territory of their forefathers—they forgot the distinctions they left behind them, and debarked on a shore where their wants, their necessities, and mutual interests consecrated the equality that prevailed amongst them. They were strangers to luxury; but they lived in comfort and tranquil ease. Every one partook of a common banquet; and the trees of the forest succumbed to him whose able arm could best wield the axe and use the saw. All were land-holders to the extent of their physical means or wishes: and all were equal on account of circumstances, and of that creed which raiseth the humble and abaseth the proud. Thus intellectual superiority was unknown amongst them, save in their rustic arguments or evening tales: the uniformity of that life, which alone consisted in daily labour and the exercise of religious duties, could not do otherwise than efface all reminiscences of former grade and distinction.

An imperious necessity moreover ordained that the colonies of New England should continually legislate for themselves. The tie, which connected them to their mother-country, did not dispense them from the obligation under which they laboured to adopt measures for their own defence, and to protect their incipient trade. Their education was partial and rude; and that, which was at first a condition created by necessity, soon became a combination of invincible habits. The community was originated on the shores of the Atlantic, was perpetuated in the same state of incessant activity and perfect harmony, and has increased beneath a propitious heaven like the tree in the Gospel. The manners of the primitive colonists have been stamped on their posterity; and that last-born people of civilization, into whose hands Providence consigned a hemisphere, appear to be the members of one vast family.

Such were the origin and foundation of the United States,—a singular and *unique* phenomenon in the midst of the numberless political communities of the world. The character of the American is that of a rigid and sincere Christian, an intrepid colonist, possessing manners neither agreeable nor social, but cold and saturnine, and endowed with a mind whose scope extends no farther than the figures and calculations which denote the magnitude of his gigantic speculations. The primitive states of the north gave life and existence, as it were, to the young republics of the west, to whose care is now entrusted a portion of that vast heritage which is the greatest that ever belonged to the human race; and the states of the south, where

wealth, luxury, and toleration of slavery have become the elements of their rapid decay and approaching fall, are merely maintained in their present condition by the immense counterpoise afforded, in the very midst of the union, by the northern powers against the combined influence of those destructive causes.

That which has, therefore, founded American democracy, and which continues to preserve it against the opinions of the rest of the world, is the simplicity of manners which characterizes the people, and the vastness of their territory, over which all can disperse themselves without prejudice to each other, like the sons of Adam after the creation. Take away from America that mighty western domain, where a new city springs up every year, and where new states are periodically formed; circumscribe the range of those tracts where populous towns extend their suburbs with facility in proportion as the inhabitants increase, and from that day forth the government of the United States—that is to say, the practical application of the sovereignty of the people—would become a disastrous impossibility.

Were the United States suddenly transferred to the very interior of Europe, the interest of the land-holder and the wealthy merchant would speedily triumph over an universal equality now well preserved. If the American mechanic, when he had amassed a small sum in his workshop at New York or Philadelphia, had not in perspective the grant of a tract of land on the banks of the Ohio; if the cow-herd or the gardener did not anticipate eventually to become a farmer when his resources should permit him to purchase agricultural implements, &c., a revolution would speedily place America upon a level with the old monarchical governments of Europe. Obligated to oppose increasing impediments to the elevation of a class whose existence would be subjected to all the vicissitudes that now menace it in Europe, democracy would essay at one and the same time armed and legal resistance; and that tendency is already, in the bosom of the United States, something more than a gratuitous hypothesis. If the agricultural chiefs and owners of the soil became disaffected with each other, they would soon pass those limits where the balance of interests, social and political, has even at different times caused the most despotic governments of Europe to stop; and arbitrary power—oligarchy—or tyranny would be the last and terrible scourge America would prepare for herself—a scourge beneath whose lash she can never submit; for the citizens of that free land could not yield up their rights on a sudden, as a man in a moment of despair surrenders his soul to Satan.

These observations have lately become so general, thanks to the admirable work of M. de Tocqueville, that it is only after considerable reluctance we have ventured to re-produce them here. Simple as those observations are, do we not nevertheless feel that they create doubts of a grave and serious nature relative to the future fate of democracy—that sovereignty of the people which is daily represented to us as infallible? Are we advancing towards a social organization, founded, not upon the admissibility, but upon the admission of all to an equal share of property? Do we incline to that American regime, of which universal suffrage is the basis? Was it for this

that Victor Hugo declares "every thing, in the present age, whether ideal or fact, whether connected with society in general, or with a single individual, to be in a state of twilight? Mankind," continues the same author, "is waiting the event of much that darkens the horizon around us. The world is made up of a thousand discrepancies—lustre and obscurity, which pervade all we see, and all we conceive in this predicament of twilight; which envelope our political theories, our religious opinions, our domestic life, and which are even discovered in the histories we write of others, as well as in those of ourselves."*

The idea of a monarchical government appears to have been always the most prevalent one in Europe; and although the law of primogeniture and aristocracy of birth be abolished in France, still is society divided into classes, despite of the second article of the Charta of 1830, which distinctly says, "*Tout le monde est égal auprès du roi.*" In countries, where science and the arts are as much cultivated as commercial enterprises, a certain aristocracy of the soul and of the feelings must indubitably prevail. So long as the majority of human beings shall be obliged to rise with the sun and moisten the soil with the sweat of the brow, all intelligences—all understandings cannot become equalized; and hence is the idea of the sovereignty of the people merely chimerical when applied to European countries.

The opinion, which concludes that democracy in every sense of the word must be shortly introduced into France, appears to us—if we may so far venture to explain the ideas of our transmarine allies—to depend merely upon an incorrect analogy. Because the *Bourgeoisie* of France, being superior in numerical proportion, has supplanted the aristocracy, it must not be inferred that that same class will pursue its advantage, and overturn every thing appertaining to a monarchical government. At the same time that the aristocracy was overthrown, the monarchy might have been consigned to the same fate; but the *bourgeoisie* had abolished the evil it complained of, and was satisfied. The French Revolution has caused important changes, but has not destroyed the basis of society: the triumph of democracy on the European continent would involve that basis in irretrievable ruin.

If around the French frontiers were spread vast tracts of uninhabited lands, it would then be easy to understand how the mass of territorial property might increase, and the numbers of land-holders be extended. But having at least one-sixth of its territory engaged as fallow-land,† without the possibility of establishing new colonies in herself, and without much chance of ever founding any very important ones in Africa or elsewhere;‡ France can only augment the riches of its land-holders by perfecting the science of agriculture, without extending their numbers. If public works of utility, to the

* *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, page iii. of the Preface.

† According to M. L. de Carné.

‡ We do not here allude to the capability, but to the will, of the French in the establishment of permanent colonies.

adoption of which popular opinion is gradually urging the government, if new methods of cultivating the soil, and if more rapid means of communication, can increase the value of land, the land-holders and farmers will become richer; but the territory will not be increased in subdivisions.

Half a century has not yet elapsed since the greatest event, that ever occurred in the annals of the vicissitudes of nations, completely changed the political and social aspect of France. When the first French Revolution broke out, there was an immense number of estates in the hands of the two privileged orders, such as lands parcelled out by adjudication, redeemed by mort-main, or disengaged from feudal tenure, which had been acquired at an exceedingly low rate by the stewards who had superintended their cultivation, or by the farmers who had rented them, and which seemed destined, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, to become for the benefit of the middling classes, a species of dotation inherent to that political power to which it was speedily associated. That vast revolution in freehold possessions—or rather that important increase of the numbers of land-holders—was, without doubt, the original cause of all the important changes and instances of popular ebullition which subsequently occurred. It enabled the *bourgeoisie* to maintain its eminence, in 1815, against the reaction in favour of aristocracy that threatened France, and, in 1830, against the attempted innovations of the democrats and the machinations of the republicans. So long as no analogous revolution shall take place, and so long as the majority of the *bourgeoisie* shall rank amongst the number of land-holders, democracy can never attain any sure footing in France, and that organization, whose combinations consist of wealth and talent, will continue unshaken. France ought to be sufficiently confident of her own intrinsic powers, never again to dread one of those terrible popular eruptions that shake the country to the very deepest abyss. As for any future commotion for the purpose of regulating the rights and privileges of the people as land-holders, it appears to us that, with regard to territorial possessions, the French have arrived at the *summum* of equitable division. The father cannot now alienate his real property from one or more of his sons to benefit the eldest: an equal portion must descend to each. The monopoly of vast estates in one man's hands is now impossible to be obtained in France; and the admirable articles of the civil code strike, as it were with a battering-ram, against the mighty walls and turreted parapets of the *chateau* of the old *regime*.

At the same time, while the provisions of that new code aim a deadly blow at the very root of the possibility of vast accumulation, a simultaneous and parallel effect is produced on the small possessions of the poor. The needy farmer, beginning the world on a few acres of land, finds it impossible to support the necessary expenditure for a first outlay, and is therefore obliged to dispose of his little capital in such a manner that it may produce him a more lucrative and certain interest: hence the subdivision of territory decreases, and the middling classes, or *bourgeoisie*, retain their possessions in their own hands, and thus acquire an immense increase of influence and wealth. Hence are the importance and power of the *bourgeoisie* sustained by

a law that strikes at once against the fortunes of the rich aristocrat and the pittance of the needy farmer. These distributions, and these arrangements are so little known to the English in general, that we have thought it worth while to enter somewhat elaborately upon the subject. National prejudices have ever blinded the eyes of the sons of Albion against the excellence of foreign institutions; but the more extensively international relations are established between the two countries, the greater will be the benefit accruing to both. At a future period we may probably review the principles of that constitution which was established by a Charta arrested from the hands of tyranny during three days of insurrection, and at the same time make a few remarks on a code formed under the immediate inspection of Napoleon himself. In the meantime let us pursue the important subject under present discussion.

Amongst the lower classes, whose incompetence to become extensive land-holders we have already shown, the little produce of their manual labour, small personal property, or trading stock, can never compete with the fortunes acquired by the *bourgeoisie*. That counterpoise need not be dreaded nor anticipated. Their hopes can never be so sanguine as to lead them to imagine that the profits on the productions of their industry will create for them that importance which is enjoyed by the class immediately above them. No one hopes more than ourselves to witness the day when the lot of the mechanic, the artizan, and the labourer, by whom the most disastrous reverses of fortune are often experienced, shall be ameliorated by the progressive intellectual resources and civilized notions of mankind. At the same time, what theory can possibly be adduced, by the practice of which we may hope to benefit those suffering millions? To us, narrow-minded perhaps as we are, and dull of comprehension, no reasonable proposition occurs to us in the present position of affairs, because we have not a valley of Mississippi, nor lands of Ohio, whither we may despatch the surplus of an overgrown population. These remarks apply not only to England, but to France, and to every other nation, save one, in Europe: for so long as the inhabitants of a country shall be confined within the narrow limits of their own territory, beyond which boundaries the claims of other states prevent an emigration, the amount of the wages of labourers must be commensurate with the wants of the nation and the capability of so circumscribed a tract to satisfy those exigencies. The *bourgeoisie* possesses a two-fold source of influence in the Bank and in their intellectual resources; and no one will deny that these are the two essential principles of power and independence.

So important is a mature consideration of the subject under notice, and so persevering should we be in our investigation of all matters calculated to interest the two worlds, that we must not forget to allude to the severe checks daily experienced by those financial systems, which principally aim at conducting mankind to better destinies, through the *medium* of increasing their wealth, and which chiefly belong to a new people whose institutions are founded on democracy and universal equality. In the United States all popular antipathies are renewed and concentered in a financial warfare. The veteran

soldier, whom democracy placed at the head of the legislative government, consecrated the eight years during which his vicarious mission lasted, to undermine that institution to which his country was partly indebted for its fabulous prosperity, and which alone afforded the Americans the necessary resources for carrying on their gigantic enterprises. The people applauded that political warfare with extraordinary transport; for they saw that the rude hand of Jackson had seized the very throat of their most dangerous enemy, and that a National Bank was the germ of an eventually powerful *bourgeoisie*, which would seek to extend itself, and would in the course of years acquire a dangerous influence and aristocratic power by reason of increasing wealth, and an union of intelligences. The people instinctively anticipated these results, and wisely applauded that which was done to protect their future liberties. Democracy trembles in America before the middling classes, as the *bourgeoisie* of France is the source of constant alarm to the aristocracy of Europe.

PARISIANUS.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LE PORTRAIT CHARMANT.

Sung by Madame de Chateaubriand, when a Coin impressed with the head of Francis I. met her eyes.

O BEAUTEOUS counterpart of him I love,
 Delightful pledge of tenderness to me;
 Sent by thy lord to say that I may prove
 At least some solace in regarding thee!

There are the features that I once admir'd—
 The tender look, and loftiness of air:
 And when I press thee to my bosom—fir'd
 With hope—it seems as if himself were there.

But, oh! thou hast not half thy master's charms,
 Mute, passionless, spectator of my woe!
 The joys we tasted in each other's arms
 Rush to my mind, and bid the tear-drops flow.

Extenuate my language, if severe—
 Forgive the wretchedness that fills my heart;
 And though thou dost but represent him here,
 Even in thee I find his counterpart!

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.

Death of the Old and Birth of the New Year.—Sports of the Season.—Fairies and Railroads. — The Fool Plough. — New Year's Gifts. — The Mistletoe Dance. — Twelfth Day.—The Three Kings of Cologne.—The King of the Bean and the Queen of the Pea.—St. Distaff's Day.—The Queen disappointed, and the holidays curtailed.—Benjamin Franklin, Jean Jaques Rousseau, and James Watt.—Lord Bacon, David Garrick, and Edmund Kean.—St. Paul and the Weather.—Martyrdom of Charles the First.—Royal Relics in Ashburnham Church.

WELL, the old year is gone and past—gone with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, and glorious anticipations—and here we are in a new one. The sun of the first day has risen upon the year One thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. We are now in January, the coldest month in the year, though we have not felt the cold yet. But January, amidst all its frost and snow, is not without its *agréments*. When does the fire burn so sparkingly, so brilliantly clear, as on an evening in January? When is it surrounded by so many cheerful, happy, joyous faces? When do the jest and the glass, the song and the merry tale—or even the ghost-stories of the olden time, which make our nerves quiver—pass round so delightfully as now? Nor is it within doors only that enjoyment is to be found. In the country, a tramp, a ride, a hunt, a curling-match, or a skating-match upon the ice, how it invigorates the frame and exhilarates the sense! Then we return to our dinner and our evening pastimes, our Christmas games—for the holidays are not yet over—with tenfold zest. The youngsters are asking about the fairies—alas! they dance but in the moonlight, when mortals are all fast asleep; and never again in this march of intellect age may we hope to be indulged with even a glimpse of their charms. Or, should we be transported to a fairy world, some land of bright and lovely visions, it must be by balloons, or steam-engines and rail-roads.

With the ancients it was customary to open the new year with agricultural ceremonies, in which the plough was a chief agent. Hence, in all probability, the sport of the Fool Plough, respecting which Brand and others write most learnedly and elaborately. "This grotesque exhibition," observes the author of "Popular Pastimes" (whom we shrewdly suspect to be, though his name does not appear on the title-page, our worthy friend Brayley, the antiquary), "besides its denomination Fool Plough, is also occasionally called the *fond* plough, the *white* plough, and the *stot* plough. The term *fond*, in the north, is said to mean the same as *fool*. The *white* plough is so named when the young men who draw it appear dressed in their shirts (without coat or waistcoat), having a number of ribands formed into knots and roses slightly attached to them. A *stot* signifies a young bullock, or steer, and *stot plough*, probably, in its more strict sense, is a light plough which a single bullock is sufficient to draw." Hutchinson, in the second volume of his "History of Northumberland," after describing the dress of the sword-dancers at Christmas, says, "Others, in the same

kind of gay attire, draw about a plough called the *stot plough*, and when they receive the gift, make the exclamation '*Largess!*' But, if not requited at any houses for their appearance, they draw the plough through the pavement, and raise the ground of the front in furrows."

But the pleasantest and the kindest of all customs at this joyous season, is that of New Year's Gifts—from the husband to the wife, from parents to their children, from masters to their servants, from the rich to the poor and needy. "If I send a new year's gift to my friend," remarks old Bourne, in his "*Antiquitates Vulgares*," "it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor (which at this time must never be forgot), it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts." And this custom, too, is of very ancient derivation. In France it is kept up under the denomination of *les étrennes* with infinitely greater spirit and liberality than with us. A beautiful veil from a mother to her child—a guitar from a father to his daughter—a tea-service *à l'Anglaise*, or a velvet mantelet and bonnet from the *Magazins* of Simon or Herbault, are almost matters of course presents on the *Jour de l'an*.

There are few merrier or more innocent sports at Christmas than that of the mistletoe dance—a dance which is given with admirable effect in Moncrieff's very amusing, though somewhat too lengthy farce, of *The Pickwickians*. We are told that "as the ivy is dedicated to Bacchus, so should the mistletoe be to Love; not, however, to the chaste Eros, but to the sportive Cupid. The sacred regard given to it in pagan and druidical rites has long been terminated; but it is still beheld with emotions of pleasurable interest when hung up in our kitchens at Christmas; it gives license to seize the soft kiss from the ruby lips of whatever female can be enticed or caught beneath. So custom authorizes; and it enjoins also that one of the berries of the mistletoe be plucked off after every salute. Though coy in appearance, the 'chariest maid' at this season of festivity is seldom loth to submit to the established usage, especially when the swain who tempts her is one whom she approves."

The subjoined old song, not, we apprehend, in very general circulation, is farther illustrative of the pleasant custom:—

"The Mistletoe hangs from an oaken beam,
The Ivy creeps up the outer wall;
The Bays our broken casements screen,
The Holly-bush graces the hall.
Then hey for our Christmas revelling,
For all its pastimes pleasures bring.

The Mistletoe's berries are fair and white,
The Ivy's of gloomy sable hue;
Red as blood the Laurels affect our sight,
And the Holly's the same with prickles too.
Then hey, &c.

Nor black nor consanguined red for me:—
The Mistletoe only is my delight;

For pure as love all its berries be,
 And to kissing my Fanny's sweet lips invite.
 Then hey for our Christmas revelling,
 For thus its symbols pleasures bring."

The 6th of January is Twelfth Day, the last day of our holidays. Its name was acquired from its being the twelfth in number from that of Christmas, or the Nativity; and the whole twelve days were, by a law respecting holidays, made in the time of Alfred the Great, ordered to be kept as festivals. It seems to be universally agreed, that the customs of this day, though various in different countries, were originally intended to do honour to the Eastern Magi, or wise men, who are supposed to have been of royal dignity. "These magi, or sages, who are vulgarly called the Three Kings of Colen or Cologne, from the place of their presumed interment, have the names of Melchior, Jasper, and Balthasar: according to an ancient distich, the first, who is represented as an aged man with a long beard, offered gold to Christ; the second, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; and the third, who was a black, or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh. These personages are still held in much veneration by the Catholics; and formerly such great respect was given to their memory, that forty days of pardon were granted by the Arch Pontiff to every one that made a pilgrimage to their burial-place." In a tract called "The Bee-hive of the Romish Church," printed in the year 1569, the dedication concludes with these words:—"Datum in our Musæo the 5th of January, being the even of the Three Kings of Collen, at which time all good Catholiks make merry, and crie, '*The Kinge drinkes.*'" It appears, too, that the *Fête des Rois*, or Twelfth Day, used to be celebrated in France with great splendour till within a year or two after the revolution. The origin of choosing the *Roi de la Fève*, or King of the Bean, does not seem to be known; but it is thus alluded to by Herrick in his "Hesperides:"—

"Now, now the mirth comes
 With the cake full of plums,
 Where *Bean's* the King of the sport here;
 Besides ye must know,
 The *Pea* also
 Must revell, as *Queene*, in the Court here."

It would be impossible to repeat one-tenth part of what has been written relating to the ceremonies of this day, even in the different parts of England alone; but we must hasten onward, for time is short and space is circumscribed.

It has been said that Twelfth-day is the last of the holidays. There are those, however, who make one more—St. Distaff's day, which is kept on the morrow after Twelfth-day.

"Partly worke and partly play,
 You must on St. Distaff's day;
 From the plough soon free your teame;
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the maides a spinning goe,
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow;

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Bring in pales of water, then,
 Let the maides bewash the men.
 Give St. Distaff all the right;
 Then bid Christmas sport, good night:
 And next morrow, every one
 To his own vocation."

It had been arranged, that her Majesty, Victoria, Britain's charming little Queen, was to enjoy her Christmas festivities in Windsor Castle, the only palace in the land that is worthy of being inhabited by the sovereign of the Ocean Isle. Alas! what may be safely predicated of one whose managers and servants are incompetent to the performance of their respective duties? Through the blundering and floundering of the Queen's Ministers, the Civil List bill was not finally disposed of till Saturday, the 23rd of December; and, even then, the bill for an additional grant to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, was under the necessity of standing over till after the recess. The latter affair had been regularly commenced—much speechifying had taken place on both sides of the question—it had passed through two or three stages—when her Majesty's Ministers, though they *had* taken "legal advice" upon the subject, found themselves all "in the suds," and were obliged to begin again *de novo*! Under the circumstances of the case, her Majesty was unable to leave town before the 26th of December; and, as disastrous intelligence from Canada had arrived previously to the rising of Parliament, the legislature is to re-assemble on the 16th of January, instead of the 1st of February, as had been proposed.

The 17th and the 19th of January are respectively the anniversaries of the birth of two remarkable men, Benjamin Franklin and James Watt. Of the former, born 131 years ago, we think with comparative lightness, either morally or politically, notwithstanding the parade which has been made about his character. The neglect of the woman to whom he was affianced, and who, if we mistake not, was fool enough, after his return from England, to marry him, was worthy only of Rousseau and of himself. When we reflect upon the discoveries which have been made of the power of steam, and of the multitudinous and stupendous purposes to which it has been applied, since the days of James Watt, the first great fabricator of the steam-engine, who was born in the year 1736, a little more than a century ago, we are lost in astonishment and admiration. And yet there is an engine now in operation at Edinburgh, and another in America, the simplicity and power of which are said to be such, that, in a short time, they will inevitably supersede all the wonderful machinery of Watt. A hydraulic engine has also just been completed in London, which, should it answer the description given by its inventor, will speedily supersede even steam itself in all its operations. This may truly be termed the age of scientific wonders.

Lord Bacon, another master-spirit in literature and science, was born on the 22nd of January, now 277 years ago. If, at a period so remote, any one could have anticipated the discovery of the properties and power of steam, and the invention of the steam-engine, they must have been anticipated by the giant-mind of Bacon.

To notice little men after great ones, it may be mentioned, that David Garrick died on the 20th of January, 1779—fifty-nine years since. Yet Garrick was a little man only by comparison: in his own walk he must have been one of the first, if not the first, of his class that the world ever produced. Even Edmund Kean, if we may rely upon the testimony of those who have seen them both, was far, very far behind Garrick in the exercise of the histrionic art.

The 26th of January is commemorated as the anniversary of the Conversion of St. Paul.

“ If St. PAUL’s day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft.
And if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.”

Such was the idle notion formerly entertained: it would be difficult to conjecture in what it might have originated. According to the ancient calendar of the church of Rome, on this day prognostications of the months were drawn for the whole year.

Now we reach the last day of the month—the 31st of January—the day upon which the ill-fated Charles the First was slaughtered on the block through the triumph of a remorseless and bloody faction. It is now just about three years since, that we drove over one fine day from Hastings to Ashburnham, intending to take a survey of the modern, stately, and splendid aristocratic mansion of Ashburnham. William Ashburnham, one of the ancestors of its present noble owner, was distinguished by his loyalty and affection to Charles, and was one of the first to take up arms in favour of his Sovereign; and John his elder brother, on whose devotion a volume might be written, was groom of the bed-chamber to the same unfortunate monarch—accompanied him in his flight—attended him to the scaffold—and received his headless trunk from the block. Disappointed in our expectation of seeing the house, from the unexpected absence of the Earl, we resolved to visit the church. In fact, we never willingly miss an opportunity of peeping into a village church; and we knew that in the little sacred edifice of Ashburnham, almost contiguous to the mansion, there were hallowed relics, the sight of which would well repay our visit. Yes, in the chancel are preserved the shirt, stained with some drops of blood, in which Charles the First was beheaded—his watch, which he gave at the place of execution to Mr. John Ashburnham—his white silk knit drawers—and the sheet that was thrown over his body! These precious relics were bequeathed, in 1743, by Bertram Ashburnham, Esq., to the clerk of the parish and his successors for ever. The woman who shows the church (a neat, modest structure), and in whose custody they are, told us that, formerly, they were open to the handling and minute inspection of visitors; but that, years ago, some sacrilegious scoundrel (in the true John Bull spirit of the lowest class) contrived to steal the outward case of the watch; and, since that period, they are seen only through the medium of a glass case. Yet, even thus beheld, how pure, how deep, how sacred was the feeling which they inspired!—We bade a sad and reluctant adieu!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Bench and the Bar. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

THESE volumes are a strange combination of chit-chat, error, occasional graphic description, speculation, and absurdity. They possess many good points, and many bad ones. The author is evidently an ignorant and unlearned man, who takes advantage of a little popularity to palm his books upon the public, without reflecting how far he may mislead, how grossly he may misrepresent, nor how egregiously he is often mistaken in his biographical notices. In fact, the volumes, like Pindar's razors, "are made to sell"—and that was the sole motive which instigated their fabrication. For do we not feel something more than pity for an author who tells us that the Marquis of Hastings was indicted, as governor-general of India, at the bar of the House of Commons? The author of "The Bench and the Bar" is so essentially ignorant of the modern history with which every school-boy is conversant, that he does not know that Warren Hastings—and not the Marquis of Hastings—was the individual whose conduct as viceroy of the most fertile portion of Asia was subjected to an examination by judges whose leniency he had good reason to acknowledge in terms of fervent gratitude and delight. But this is not the only error Mr. Grant is guilty of, in a similar manner, in the books under notice. We shall, however, spare him the pain of a too severe exposure, and pass on to the last duty of the critic who is inclined to be favourable, where circumstances will allow him to exercise his more kindly feelings—we mean that of presenting the reader with an extract from the volumes themselves, so that the author may be judged with due impartiality and candour. We accordingly quote the following anecdote of Sir Edward Sugden:—

"So far from feeling wounded when allusion is made to his lowly origin, Sir E. Sugden justly glories in the circumstance. When candidate, a few years since, for the representation of Cambridge, and when in the midst of an animated speech, in reply to a previous oration of Mr. Spring Rice, some one in the crowd sought to disconcert or annoy him by cries of 'Soap,' 'Lather,' &c., Sir Edward made a momentary pause, and pointing to the part of the crowd from whence the interruption proceeded, observed, 'I am particularly obliged to that gentleman for so politely reminding me of my humble origin. It is true that I am a barber's son, and was once a barber myself. If the gentleman who so politely reminds me of the circumstance had once been a barber, he would have continued one to the end of his life.'"

The annexed paragraph, relative to Mr. Baron Bolland, shall be our second and concluding extract:—

"About six months ago a rather amusing scene occurred at one of these assizes between his lordship and a farmer who had been summoned as a jurymen. The farmer claimed exemption from the duties of a juror on the ground that he was deaf.

"'Are you *very* deaf?' inquired his lordship, raising his voice, and addressing himself to the farmer, who stood up at the time in the witness-box. The farmer was silent.

"'He does not hear your lordship,' observed one of the officers of the court.

"'Are you *very* deaf?' repeated the judge, shouting as loudly as his lungs would permit.

"'Werry, please your lordship,' answered the farmer drily.

"'Are you deaf in both ears?' asked the judge.

" 'Did your lordship speak?' inquired the farmer, looking at the judge with an irresistibly droll expression of countenance.

" 'I asked you whether you were deaf in both ears,' repeated his lordship, again speaking at the full stretch of his voice.

" 'I can hear a little with one ear, my lord, when I turns about the side of my head to the person speaking.'

" 'O, in that case,' said the judge, speaking in a very low tone of voice, 'we must exempt you; for jurors must have two ears—one for the prosecutor and the other for the prisoner. You may go.'

" The farmer nodded thanks to the court, and was in the act of descending from the witness-box, when his lordship observed, again speaking in a low tone of voice, 'O, you hear that, do you?'

" 'O yez, my lord, I hears *that*,' answered the farmer, with infinite dryness of manner.

" 'With *both* ears, I dare say,' added his lordship.

" 'O yez, with both on 'em,' replied the farmer, amidst the most deafening shouts of laughter, in which his lordship heartily joined."

SCIENCE.

A Treatise on Geology, by J. PHILLIPS, F.R.S., Professor of Geology at King's College, London:—Vol. I. (Lardner's Cyclop. No. 97) Post 8vo.. Longman, and J. Taylor.

GEOLOGY fifty years ago had no existence, unless indeed some be disposed to assign a real value to the dreamy speculations of Leibnitz, Burnet, and Whiston, none of which can stand the test of regular investigation. Werner must be regarded as the true parent of geological science, who by his own example as a patient inquirer and strictly inductive reasoner succeeded in inspiring his pupils with the conviction that the great truths of nature are to be ascertained not by the wanderings of imagination but by the strict and narrow search of the structure and changes observable in the bodies forming the subject of inquiry. The enthusiasm of the master speedily communicated itself to his pupils—and from them the spirit was caught up by many indefatigable students of nature—and among the rest by several in our country. As facts accumulated inductions were formed and general truths were established, and a body of information is now before the world which neither the superstitious scrupulosity of the fanatic nor the universal unbelief of the sceptic can shake or overthrow. Smith and Playfair were among the first in this country to pursue geology as a sober science, but their labours were soon assisted by those enterprising English students who founded the Geological Society and to whom we are indebted for the intimate knowledge we possess of the superposition of rocks in our own country. We allude to such men as Sedgewick, Buckland, Greenough, M'Culloch, Conybeare, Murchison, Mantell, Fitton, and Delabèche, who are now reaping the reward of their labours in the high reputation which they enjoy both at home and in other countries. Meanwhile De Luc, Curver, Brongniart, Prevost, Agassiz, Elie de Beaumont, Von Buch, Boné and others have been exerting themselves on the continent to build up the fabric of geology, which now justly ranks among the most important and truly inductive of all the sciences, although we have every reason to suppose that it is only yet in a state of very promising infancy.

Mr. Phillips's book—the third or fourth of the kind written by him—is in every way calculated to forward the progress of geological students. Whether it will supply at a less cost the place now held by Delabèche's Manual, the single volume now published does not enable us to say: but at any rate we can affirm that it is not excelled in conciseness and perspicuity by any other student's book before the public. Of its contents we may observe that the first three chapters are introductory and advance the general reasonings

and most obvious truths respecting the structure of the earth's crust, and that the three concluding chapters describe the stratified rocks and their organic remains, beginning with the lowest or primary strata and taking the ascending order up to the post tertiary or alluvial and diluvial strata. Mr. Phillips illustrates his views chiefly from British rocks,—but he brings them constantly into comparison with the geological phenomena observable in other parts of the world.

A Practical Treatise on Warming Buildings by Hot Water; and an Inquiry into the Laws of Radiant and Conducted Heat, &c. By CHARLES HOOD, F. R. A. S. Illustrated by Numerous Wood-Cuts. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 216. Whittaker and Co.

It is certainly extraordinary that the practice of diffusing artificial heat through the medium of hot water circulating in iron pipes, is not generally known and adopted. Public edifices, charitable institutions, large schools, and manufactories or work-shops would be considerably benefitted by the application of this system; and their proprietors or masters would probably reap essential advantages from the economy of the method. A wholesome warmth would supersede the close stifling heat that is afforded by the *tuyaux* through which the smoke of coal-fires is obliged to pass, and the operatives, employed in the various establishments of the great commercial towns in England, would be the first to feel and appreciate the advantageous change.

The work before us treats of a variety of matters all connected with the grand subject which originated the treatise; such as “the cause of circulation of water, and its consequences,”—“the application of the principles,”—“the permanence of the temperature depending on the form and size of the boiler and pipes,”—“the laws of heat,”—“on ventilation,”—and “on the various methods used for distributing artificial heat,” &c. &c. Such is the summary of the principal chapters of the work; but from one of the most interesting, though probably not the most apposite portions of the volume, we select the following paragraph as one that is replete with some valuable and curious information, and in consequence adapted to suit the general reader:—

“One of the greatest advantages which the plan of heating by the circulation of hot water possesses over all other inventions for distributing artificial heat is, that a greater permanence of temperature can be obtained by it than by any other method. The difference between an apparatus heated by hot water, and one where steam is made the medium of communicating heat, is no less remarkable in this particular, than in its superior economy of fuel.

“It seldom happens that the pipes of a hot water apparatus can be raised to so high a temperature as 212° ; and in fact, it is not desirable to do so; because steam would then be formed, and would escape from the air vent, or safety pipe, without affording any useful heat. Steam pipes, on the contrary, must always be at 212° at the least, because, at a lower temperature, the steam will condense. A given length of steam pipe will therefore afford more heat than the same quantity of hot water pipe; but if we consider the relative permanence of temperature of the two methods, we shall find a very remarkable difference in favour of pipes heated with hot water.

“The weight of steam at the temperature of 212° , compared with the weight of water at 212° , is about as 1 to 1694; so that a pipe which is filled with water at 212° , contains 1694 times as much matter as one of equal size filled with steam. If the source of heat be withdrawn from the steam pipes, the temperature will soon fall below 212° , and the steam immediately in contact with the pipes will condense; but in condensing, the steam parts with its *latent heat*; and this heat in passing from the latent to the sensible state, will again raise the temperature of the pipes. But as soon as they are a second time cooled down below 212° , a further portion of steam will condense, and a further quantity of latent heat will pass into the state of heat of

temperature; and so on until the whole quantity of latent heat has been abstracted, and the whole of the steam condensed, in which state it will possess just as much heating power, as a similar bulk of water at the like temperature; that is, the same as a quantity of water occupying $\frac{1}{228}$ part the space which the steam originally did.

"The specific heat of uncondensed steam compared with water, is, for equal weights, as .8470 to 1; but the latent heat of steam being estimated at 1000° , we shall find the relative heat obtainable from *equal weights* of condensed steam, and of water, reducing both from the temperature of 212° to 60° , to be as 7.425 to 1; but for *equal bulks*, it will be as 1 to 228; that is, bulk for bulk, water will give out 228 times as much heat as steam, reducing both from the temperature of 212° to 60° . A given bulk of steam will therefore lose as much of its heat in one minute, as the same bulk of water will lose in three hours and three quarters.

"When the water and the steam are both contained in iron pipes, the rate of cooling will, however, be very different from this *ratio*; in consequence of the much larger quantity of heat which is contained in the metal itself, than in the steam with which the pipe is filled."

RELIGION.

The New Testament in Greek—GRIESBACH's Text, with the Various Readings of MILL and SCHOLZ, post 8vo., pp. 632. Taylor and Walton.

A COMPENDIOUS little work under the above title has just been published in a very neat and portable form. The advantage held out is that of being, as far as possible, correct—no mean one considering the importance of the subject, and the obligation of rescuing the Scriptures from "those unhallowed attempts," as the Introduction to the book says—"which have been made by dishonest theologians, both in very early and in later times, to alter the text for sectarian purposes." When it is stated that the information contained in this volume is based on the examination of more than 1200 manuscripts, and that a gentleman of high literary acquirements has been engaged for several years in its compilation, some idea may be formed of its probable value and correctness. It contains, besides the text of the New Testament in its original language, an interesting chronological table of the events therein recorded, as well as the periods at which its various books were written—but illustrative especially of the Harmony of the Four Gospels—and at the end a "Collation" or table of the verbal and literal differences in the two most highly approved Texts of the New Testament—those of Griesbach and Scholz—from which the present work has been chiefly compiled. The Editor's object appears to have been to furnish students of sacred literature with a volume embodying, in the smallest possible space, the greatest quantity of critical and other useful information illustrative of the Text. Substantial service has been rendered by him in bringing the great scholars already named into direct comparison by a collation of their respective Texts, and a summary of their labours. The history of the Sacred Text, its versions and editions, is well given, and the Editor pledges himself on the accuracy of his details. As respects the chronological arrangements, the best authorities have certainly been consulted and examined. In the 'Harmony of the Four Gospels,' he presents his own views, adhering to the principle of three passovers having elapsed during Christ's ministry. In the general chronology of the Acts he follows Townsend, but, for the use of persons desiring to see the various opinions of the learned, he has appended a Table displaying the chronology of St. Paul's life and writings.

The type of the volume before us is clear—the work itself got up with much elegance, and the publishers offer it at a price that seems to set competition at defiance. We must not omit to notice the fac-similes of old manuscripts,

and the cut of the denarius in the title-page. They are equally elegant and appropriate. We recommend this work most conscientiously and most strongly to both the divine and the lay-student.

A Manual of Conduct, or Christian Principle Exemplified in Daily Practice. By the Author of "The Morning and Evening Sacrifice," "The Last Supper," "Farewell to Time," &c. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 453. Edinburgh: Adam and Black.—London: Longman and Co.

A VOLUME, entitled "My Book," was lately published by Whittaker and Co., on which we bestowed no inconsiderable degree of praise—as indeed we invariably do when the book under notice has a tendency to promote any Christian aim or good purpose, and is not deficient in the merits of composition and arrangement. The "Manual of Conduct" is a religious paraphrase of the above-mentioned work, so far as the inculcation of moral maxims, and the digesting of certain rules of conduct, in a truly Christian point of view, bear any analogy to the more mundane aphorisms of "My Book." Both are excellent compositions; and appear almost to be a commencement and sequel, the one to the other, of a series of lessons and instructive observations, which, if remembered and acted up to, cannot fail to make a good man in a moral light and an experienced one in a worldly view.

The "Manual of Conduct" is not, however, an entirely new work. It is substantially an abstract of the author's former treatise, entitled "The True Plan of a Living Temple," and is so managed as to exhibit the practical results to which the disquisitions of that treatise were intended to lead. And in this laudable aim the writer has fully succeeded. But simple eulogy of the work will not exemplify its merits half so well as an extract calculated to enable the reader to judge of them for himself by some specimen of the style. We shall therefore select the following paragraph from a chapter entitled "Relations of Life:"—

"This is the first and most intimate of the relations in which man is placed,—for it is amidst its endearments that he enters upon life,—and from its character that he receives his first impressions of good or evil. And the affections appropriated to it have accordingly been made by nature herself the most vigorous,—the most tender,—the most easy to be awakened;—that is to say,—the most natural to man, and the most pleasant to be indulged by him, of all others that belong to his constitution, and, it may be added, the last to be eradicated from the human heart, by even the dissolution and decay that terminate his connexion with every thing on earth.

"It is natural and genuine love,—human and heartfelt affection,—in its purest and most fundamental form,—that is appropriated to this relation,—the affection of parents and children,—of husbands and wives,—of brothers and sisters,—of relations of every degree,—and indeed of all who dwell with us in the same home,—and around whom there is thrown something of the sanctity and tenderness that to all human hearts is suggested by the very idea of the house in which we first saw the light of life,—or in which we have tasted the chief of those endearments, that gives to the condition of man its sweetness and its relish.

"There are, indeed, other passions in the human heart which occasionally seize on it with more overwhelming force;—but there are none which are so incorporated with the very elements of our being,—which maintain their influence with so steady and permanent a duration,—or which are so apt to return with overwhelming interest, when all other passions and interests have failed,—and to make the last hours or moments of life a heart-trying retrospection of the scenes that first opened on us in 'the morning of our days,'—or a renewal, in all their earliest vigour, of those domestic affections which first sweetened to us the gift of life.

"In some families these household and domestic affections are far more

strong and kindly in their operation than in others, and where they thus flourish there is an omen, and indeed a provision made by nature, for the future cultivation of all the other charities and amiable properties of our nature. In such families even the household servant is regarded as one of those who are entitled to the affection which belongs to every thing that has home for its foundation, and where the fidelity and reciprocal love which often belong to persons in the condition of servants are found, this extension of the domestic affection to these persons is both a legitimate and a most laudable exercise of it.

"And nature has seconded these arrangements in the first planting and in constitutional strength of the domestic affections, by having rendered the scene of this interchange the chief seat of happiness or sorrow to every man, according as he has fulfilled or neglected her requisitions. Indeed so much is this the case, that there are few disquietudes that will permanently corrode the bosom of him who knows that he can at any time find a quiet resting-place amidst the kindly affections of his own home; and, on the other hand, it is equally notorious, that the proudest acclamations which can be gained in public society are of small avail as constituents of happiness to him who has no satisfaction in domestic endearments, or who has but an *imperfect* relish of the pure enjoyment which nature has appropriated to this relation.

We should willingly quote more from this excellent volume, did not our limits arbitrarily compel us to take leave of it; but, in laying down our pen, we cannot omit to recommend it to all our readers as a publication essentially calculated to benefit the aged as well as to instruct the young.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Waldenbergh; A Poem in Six Cantos. By M. E. M. J. One Vol. 12mo. pp. 108. London: Thomas Geeves.

"WALDENBERGH" is nothing more than Monk Lewis's admirable poem of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine" imitated and spun out, with some variety of incident, into six cantos of tolerable length. The hero—Waldenbergh—is betrothed to a German lady named Ildegonda, whose father he accompanies to the Holy Land during the crusades. The venerable sire is slain in battle—and accident throws Wolsden of Waldenbergh in the way of Sapphira, a beautiful Jewess, whom he converts to Christianity and espouses. He returns to his ancestral halls with his lovely bride, and compels her to dwell in strict secrecy in an old tower attached to his castle. He then pays a visit to Ildegonda; her charms awaken the passion he had once entertained for her; and he marries her also. The whole is concluded by the appearance of the ghost of Sapphira's father, and the fulfilment of an old prophecy, which said that—

"When the young wolf of Wolfsteign
Shall win the fair hand
Of Brandenburg's lady,
The lord of her land,
At morning a maiden,
At noon-tide a bride,
At night a cold corse,
With her lord by her side."

On the whole the poetry is scarcely above *par*; and the rhymes are occasionally lame. "Wrong"—"done," "tear"—"there," &c., are some specimens of the latter. Of the former we shall quote the following sample:—

"A silver lamp, alone illum'd the room,
And by its ray was seen a giant form:
He, as they enter'd, frown'd—amid the gloom
His sword he flash'd—he seem'd in anger warm.

Him Wolsden saw—the blood forsook his cheek—
 He shuddering, trembling, sank upon his knee;
 In vain he tried to pray—he could not speak,
 He hid his face in dread and agony.
 ‘Wolsden of Waldenbergh!’ the spectre said,
 ‘Wolsden of Waldenberg! on thee I call,
 Wolsden of Waldenberg, thy bridal bed
 Thy coffin be, the coverlet thy pall!
 Didst thou not swear mine only child to guard,
 Ere I in Palestine resigned my breath?
 Well is thy vow fulfill’d! The just reward
 That thou hast merited—receive it—Death!’ ”

We would not willingly discourage the young aspirant to literary fame in his earliest endeavours to ascend the steep sides of Parnassus; but we cannot congratulate M. E. M. J. on the brilliancy nor promise of his present effusions.

Mary Raymond, and other Tales. By the Author of “*Mothers and Daughters*,” &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

HERE is another work of fiction from the prolific—too prolific—pen of Mrs. Charles Gore. As we before observed, when noticing “*Stokeshill Place*,” fortunate is it for her that Mr. Colburn has returned to the publishing sphere. Mrs. Gore is nevertheless a clever woman—a very clever woman; but she intrudes her compositions too quickly upon the literary world, and is evidently trying the enfeebled springs of an already attenuated imagination. Hence have we so little incident, and so much dry matter in her latter productions; and hence is it that she extends to three volumes that which would scarcely fill two if unburthened of excrement descriptions, uninteresting conversations, and useless digressions.

Some of the tales under notice are, however, well told. They are varied and diversified in the incidents and scenery they embrace. In some, anecdotes of the French Revolution are offered to us in new guises; and, with a good deal of the art of book-making manifest in every page, three lengthy volumes have been spun out upon occasionally very slender materials.

The first and principal tale is decidedly the best, and the most adapted to convey to the reader a general idea of Mrs. Gore’s style. From “*Mary Raymond*” we therefore select the following interesting extract:—

“But was that chamber in truth a fatal chamber? Had its walls indeed echoed to the stifled groans of the murdered—to the cry of a victim’s dying anguish? Had those lips, to which a relaxation after death had imparted so soft an expression, been previously distorted by the pangs of a violent end? Had they called aloud for help, aloud for mercy, and in vain? Had they faltered a response to the admonitory question—

‘Desdemona! have you prayed to-night?’

That secret rests with the Almighty. But in a private asylum for the reception of lunatics, at Southampton, there exists an unhappy patient, who, for years, has sate rocking himself upon a chair, incessantly muttering between his teeth—

“‘I baffled them all—I baffled them all!—I cheated the lover—I cheated the uncle—I cheated the proud, insolent, overbearing family!—I shut her up in her coffin, and secured her from them for ever—and now she is mine again—now she is mine—are you not mine, Mary?—Answer me, child,—Are you not mine? She can’t answer!—she groans—she does not speak—there is blood in her mouth—hide it—close up the coffin—don’t say I did it—don’t say I strangled her! No, no, never tell how I managed to make you my own again. Mary—Mary—Mary!’

“These incoherent cries, and a solitary grave-stone in the village church-

yard of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, are all that remains to testify of the destinies of Merstham's wife. Within a year of her decease, Henry Marley's name was included in the list of slain at Navarine; George Raymond was wedded with another; and none are left to mourn for her, or revive the question of her death. Weep, nevertheless, ye children, heretofore ungrateful for the blessing of parental protection; tremble, ye parents, who would recklessly confide to others the guardianship of your children, while you ponder over the twenty years of sorrow and suffering included in the fate of Mary Raymond."

Belfegor. Pp. 134. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE are sufficiently acquainted with the arrangements subsisting between publishers and authors, to perceive that this work has been printed by some very foolish person, at his own expense, and the name of the first willing *libraire-editeur* affixed to its title-page, to usher the bantling into the world with as much decency as such an abortion could possibly deserve. "Belfegor" is a species of satirical—Hudibrastic poem, evidently written by a classical author, and exhibiting just so much of pedantic lore and book-worm display as might be expected from one who had passed forty years at one of the public colleges or universities. The aim of the work is to throw discredit on the marriage state, and to demonstrate the groundless, ridiculous, and unsocial proposition, that all wives must necessarily render their husbands miserable. To make the reader perfectly comprehend his hellish doctrines, the author introduces him to the very abysses of the infernal regions; and after a variety of declamatory orations, *pro* and *con*, have been disposed of in those respectable abodes, the subject of discussion is put to the practical test by the delegation of a demon, named Belfegor, to the earth, whither he was vested with the vicarious mission of essaying the temper and general behaviour of a partner in the connubial state. The result is thus told in the language of the author:—

" Ere a year was gone,
He hurried back so pale and wan,
The wondering demons scarcely knew
Their ancient crony, leal and true,
But thought at first, ere he had spoken,
'Twas some damned soul from limbo broken!
For, oh! when asked how he had fared,
The miserable imp declared,
With lifted hands, he'd rather dwell
For twenty thousand years in hell,
Than pass another year of strife
With that infernal plague—a wife!"

We scarcely know whether to laugh, or be angry, with the author of this composition—whether to consider the work as a serious composition, or smile over it as a bold jest. If we regard it in the former point of view, we must severely vituperate—nay, almost condemn it; and, if in the latter, we must remind the author that it is not seemly to trifle with that which we deem sacred and holy. The versification is not particularly bad; with regard to the legitimacy of some of the rhymes, we might make a few objections, such as "exalted"—"fault did;" "statement"—"fate leant," &c., &c.—errors that are invariably committed, in the double or rich rhyme, by those who are not poets *born*, but poets *made*.

In dismissing "Belfegor" from our critical notice, we must impartially pronounce our opinion—viz. that it is an extremely improper work to put into the hands of young persons, and no credit to the publishers whose names are printed on the title-page.

LITERATURE.

A New Derivative and Etymological Dictionary of such English Words as have their Origins in the Greek and Latin Languages, &c. By J. ROWBOTHAM, F. R. A. S. Author of "A Guide to Spanish and English Conversation," &c. One Vol. 12mo. pp. 371. Longman and Co.

THIS is one of the most useful volumes we have met with for a considerable time. Not only to the student and uneducated will it be found of the greatest value, but its utility will also extend to and be experienced by the author and the writer, on subjects connected with every branch of general literature. In fact, to all, save to a profound classical scholar whose retentive memory enables him to dispense with any reference to a dictionary of derivatives, must the present publication be welcome, and in many instances essential and necessary. As the author very justly observes in his preface, "there are few persons, comparatively speaking, so familiar with the languages of Greece and Rome, as to be able immediately to recognise the origin, full force, and meaning of the various technical terms that are employed in explaining the different arts and sciences: such as, Mechanics, Geometry, Algebra, Astronomy, Navigation, Chemistry, and the various branches of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, as well as Medicine and Surgery."

The plan of the work is simple and easy. "The Latin derivatives are separated from the Greek," says the author; "and, in each part, the words are arranged according to the number of syllables, which are generally accented according to the plan adopted in the improved editions of 'Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary.'" We strongly recommend the work to the heads of families, as a suitable gift to their children.

In dismissing this excellent volume with the due praises it merits, let us not forget to observe that it may also be used as a treatise on etymology, as well as a dictionary of derivatives, and consequently ought to be found in the libraries of persons of a mature age as well as in the satchels of schoolboys.

Traditions Teratologiques, ou Recits de l' Antiquité et du Moyen Age en Occident sur quelques points de la Fable, du Merveilleux et de l' Histoire Naturelle, &c., par JULES BERGER DE XIVREY. 8vo. 1837. Paris: Imprimerie Royale. London: Kernot.

IN this goodly volume, which appears under the auspices of the illustrious Humboldt, to whom it is dedicated, the learning and industry of M. de Xivrey has gathered together an extraordinary collection of those astounding narratives which figure so conspicuously in the writings of antiquity and in the mediæval literature of Europe, and whose distinguishing characteristics may be pronounced to consist of simple facts in Natural History highly overcharged and disfigured by the extravagancies of fable and the exaggerations of the marvellous.

These traditions, which the author styles "*teratological*," and which must be understood as having for their subject those "*monstrosities*," or, to speak in the language of Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, "those anomalies of organization" in the animal kingdom, which the older naturalists were so fond of recording, are, for the most part, reproduced in the present volume, which contains four very remarkable collections of such traditions now published for the first time. These consist of, First—An inedited Latin Treatise,—*De Monstris et Belluis*, printed from a manuscript of the tenth century, and apparently founded in a great measure on the 8th chap. of the 16th book of Augustine de Civitate Dei: Secondly—Of two copies of the hitherto inedited Greek text (accompanied by a translation) of the letter purporting to be addressed by Alexander the Great to Olympias and Aristotle, in which he recounts the prodigies he met with in his expedition into India. Thirdly—Of the *Merveilles d'Inde*, extracted from

the old French prose romance of "Alexander," written by Jehan Wauquelin : and, Lastly—Of a series of very curious extracts on the "Proprietez des Beste," intercalated from Bartholomæus and other encyclopædial writers of the middle ages into another inedited romance in French prose on the favourite subject of Alexander.

These texts are accompanied by copious notes or commentaries, in which the scientific labours of Buffon, Saint Hilaire, and Cuvier, are turned to good account in illustration of the subject, and in winnowing from this huge mass of improbabilities the few scattered truths which they have so long served to hide. The volume is, indeed, altogether one of great interest, and calculated to throw considerable light upon the very curious matters to whose illustration it is devoted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Comic Almanack for 1838. By RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, Gent.
Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Charles Tilt.

THIS annual Ephemeris of jest and humour—utility and amusement—sustains its character with increased vigour, and is, if any thing, more popular than ever. The immortal Cruikshank has contributed to the perfection of the work, by the twelve illustrations appended to the months, and by a host of minor sketches of varied and laughable interest. The literary portion of the "Comic Almanack" is excellent, as usual : indeed, we should have had great pleasure in laying a few extracts before our readers, had we not been anticipated by so many of the weekly publications and other periodical journals.

A Lecture on the Nature and Cultivation of the Medical Profession,—
by G. T. Morgan, A. M. of Aberdeen. Highley. 8vo. pp.2 8.

THE pamphlet now under consideration is an introductory lecture addressed by a medical teacher of Aberdeen to his pupils—and, according to the title-page, professes to be a guide to students.' This latter statement induced the expectation, that something practical and circumstantial would be advanced by way of advice to young men commencing their studies. That nothing of the kind has been done will be sufficiently apparent to any one who reads the loose general views stated by the lecturer, which even if they show that he knows the subject that he professed to elucidate, at least convict their author of inability to make his ideas intelligible to others. In any case, he—like many other gentlemen of the same description—shoots over the heads of the groundlings whom it should be his object to instruct, and forgets his obligations as a teacher in the overwhelming desire of literary distinction. Not so wrote Pott, Baillie, the Hunters, Cooper, Abernethy, and a host of eminent teachers,—whom to mention is to praise. Far, however, be it from us to deny the claims of Mr. Morgan to professional distinction,—for they are amply vindicated by a more practical work on 'the First Principles of Surgery' which contains one of the best abstracts that we have seen of the present state of science on Inflammation and its effects. The author is evidently a clever man, and, with a little more experience about the extent of a *medical student's* calibre for receiving profound views couched in fine language, will make a good professor.

A Treatise on the Microscope, by SIR D. BREWSTER, LL. D. &c.
—reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (7th edition.)
A. and C. Black.

No branch of literature has so much improved during the last few years as the Encyclopædic department—unless, indeed, we except that of education. A few short years ago Chambers's and the Britannica (Rees's being then in progress) were the best Cyclopædias that money could buy,—whereas at the present day we have these works of reference in great abundance and most of them good in quality, suited to all understandings and every one's means—

from the aristocratic Metropolitana to the popular Penny. That modern cyclopædias should be an improvement on those of an earlier date is no wonder; only we are glad to see *so much* improvement, chiefly, we believe, owing to the increase of literary intercourse between our own and other countries since the peace of 1815. The *Encyclopédie Méthodique* and others—including the *Biographie Universelle* and *Biographie des Contemporains* of France—the *Conversations-Lexicon* and *Allgemeine Encyclopedie* of Germany, besides all specific works of those countries, have largely contributed to improve English Cyclopædias and English literature generally,—for it cannot be denied that, however superior we may be to most European nations in immediately practical matters, our foreign neighbours are immeasurably our superiors in the pursuit of speculative knowledge. If proof of our statement be required, the reader need only consult the best articles in Napier's edition of the Britannica, the Penny, and the *Scotch* reprint of the Americana, many of which are either based on or wholly taken from foreign cyclopædias, with a fair and honest acknowledgment of the source whence the matter is derived. Of those works in which no such acknowledgments are made we omit to make any mention whatever. To return,—not only have these works improved in quality, but in some cases have changed in plan. The Metropolitana has its distinct departments—pure and mixed science—industrial arts—history and biography—lexicography, &c., in humble imitation of the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*; and Dr. Lardner, improving on the scheme and intending to consult the interests of *cheap-book* purchasers, has divided and subdivided his work, until he has enabled every buyer to suit his own taste in his purchases and at the same time to procure perfect works. The editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (7th edition) has to a certain degree imitated the good example set by his contemporaries, and we only wish that he would follow it to a still greater extent, especially as respects the articles on geography, all of which are very good and only to be equalled by those in the Penny Cyclopædia. It is of some of the articles separately reprinted by the publishers that it now becomes our duty to offer a few specific remarks.

Besides the single treatise that heads this notice, six others have been produced in a shape accessible to all readers,—and when we state that such men as Mackintosh, Brewster, Jameson, and Philips are numbered among their authors, we say quite enough to convince well-informed persons that they are clear, accurate, and profound works, well worthy of very general circulation. It is true that the above is a mere *argumentum ad verecundiam*, and we have no room to offer any other; but we very confidently place the volumes in the reader's hand. We have *studied* four out of the eight, and are certain that those will answer the ends desired by those who look for really scientific knowledge.

Thomson's British Annual for 1838. 12mo. Baillière.

THE present is not an age that patronizes solid or scientific literature. To raise a laugh or point a jest is too frequently the main object of a literary man, and most of them lose sight of the trite but true precept—*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci*. Impressed with the notion that an annual of a purely scientific and utilitarian tendency could not meet with a number of purchasers sufficient to ensure it publicity and good repute, we last year omitted to notice this compendium:—as the editor assures his readers that the favourable reception of the first volume has led to the publication of the second, we shall atone for our neglect by noticing both, and recommending the more practical portion of our readers to examine and decide their merits for themselves.

Both volumes contain an Almanac with such information as may render it an useful vade-mecum for persons engaged in scientific pursuits. The first volume comprises, besides various barometrical, statical and numismatical tables, four original treatises on science—the recent progress of optics, by

Baden Powell,—the recent progress of astronomy, by Woolhouse,—the history of magnetical discovery, by T. S. Davies of Woolwich,—and the recent progress of vegetable chemistry, by the Editor himself. The volume of 1838 is rather more practical and more generally interesting than the first; but the work requires yet more simplification, ere it can get into general circulation. Its contents—besides the almanac and astronomical notices—consist chiefly of a chronology of science, a very clear and correct account of several English and Foreign universities, an essay on zoological classification by Dr. Grant, a history of geology and a continuation of the history of chemistry by the Editor, and a table of the analogous proportions of imponderable agents by Mr. H. H. Lewis. Of the treatises here named, all of which are good,—we may instance, as the most valuable, Mr. Davies's learned observations, which contain more information in ninety pages than most others in three hundred, Dr. Grant's profound remarks on generalization as applied to the primary divisions of the animal kingdom (closely analogous to those contained in his "*Outlines of Comparative Anatomy*"), the notice of the Academic institutions in Europe (especially that of Oxford, which we *know* to be literally correct) and the history of vegetable chemistry written by Dr. R. D. Thomson himself.

As some of our readers may be deceived by the title, it is only fair to state that this work is intended more for men of science than for general readers. The Editor will perhaps consult his interests on a future occasion by accommodating it to the calibre of those on whom every work depends for a general circulation.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE gaieties and gravities of Christmas interrupt for a short season the proceedings of the societies, but much matter is afforded for notice and remark upon recent investigations and discoveries. Steam, the greatest innovator and destroyer of old modes and practices that the moderns have discovered, still continues to multiply its employments; and, by the medium of railways, everywhere on the increase, promises to unite the most distant, and, at present, most unattainable points, almost realizing the prayer of the love-sick swain "to annihilate time and space."—The Augsburg Gazette informs us that the Austrian Government has at length resolved on executing a double project of vast utility to its Italian possessions—that of establishing two railroads; one from Vienna to Trieste; and the other, from Venice to Milan. A regular weekly steamboat communication is already established between Trieste and Venice, and this station will receive an adequate augmentation of its efficiency when the railroads are finished. The railroad from Venice to Milan is to be subdivided into three branch lines:—the first, sixty-two leagues in length, will intercept the whole Lombard Venetian kingdom; the second, about the same length, will traverse Mantua, Lodi, the Milanese, and the whole of Lower Italy; and the third, sixty-four leagues in extent, will traverse the rich vicinity of the Lake of Garda, and pass the great towns of Brescia, Padua, Vicenza, and Verona.

The Royal Society has awarded its principal gold medal to the Rev. W. Whewell for his various papers on the tides; the Copley medals to M. Becquerel, for his papers on electricity; and to M. J. F. Daniell, for his papers on voltaic combinations.

There are promises from a recent production just erecting in St. Mary's College, Oscot, near Birmingham, that the art of staining upon glass may yet be revived in its pristine magnificence. The subject of the specimen alluded to, is the Assumption of the Virgin, and, should the colours bear the test of

time and weather, like those in Lincoln Minster for instance, the artist may fairly claim the merit of resuscitating an art, the decay of which has given rise to much regret.

ANTIQUITIES.—A single leaf of a very ancient Greek and Latin Glossary, supposed to be of the third, fourth, or fifth centuries, has been discovered in Germany. When entire, the whole MS. is supposed to have consisted of 200 leaves, and to have contained about 16,000 words. A detailed description, with a fac-simile, and an analysis of the form of the letters and of the words in the leaf, is given in one of the last numbers of the "Rheinisches Museum."

GEOGRAPHY.—Perhaps the most interesting event that has occurred at the Geographical Society, was the public presentation to Captain Back of the gold medal of the Geographical Society of Paris, which had been awarded to him some time since by that body for his journey to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This is not the first instance of our continental neighbours setting aside national prejudices and envy, and candidly giving due credit and honour to the naval skill and enterprise of England. Long may such feelings be reciprocated; and may the purifying influences of science destroy all jealousies between the two countries, and prevent a recurrence of those deadly and ferocious wars which have tended for so many ages to estrange the people of England and France from each other. If the Arctic expeditions had gained nothing else, this manifestation of national good feeling would repay the dangers and fatigues which attended them.

BOTANY.—*Cucubalus baccifer* was introduced into the third edition of Ray's Synopsis, and occupied a place in the British Flora, up to a recent period, when it was excluded. Its claim to be reinstated will now be recognised, as Mr. Luxford has discovered it growing near the road leading from Blackwall to Ferry-house in the Isle of Dogs, and communicated the fact at a recent meeting of the Linnean Society.

Ergot.—Dr. Bossey read at the Botanical Society a paper on the plants which have been supposed to produce Ergot. The species treated of were, first, the *Uredo segetum*, the dust, brand, smut, or burnt corn of the farmer. The genus *uredo* consists of pulverulent parasitic fungi, developed beneath the epidermis of living plants, and composed of small, free, semilocular spheroidies, or reproductive vesicles, which are filled with minute sporules or seeds; and the species *uredo* and *segetum* consists of a scentless black powder, residing within the fruit or glumes of the grasses, by which the normal structure of the grain is wholly destroyed. The grasses effected by this species, are, rye, wheat, barley, and oats. The attack commences long before the corn is ripe, even while it is enclosed in the vaginal sheath, and it is matured and dispersed in the state of a dry black powder before the harvest. The only ill effect on the animal economy produced by this species is said to be the occurrence of ulcers on the legs of persons walking in fields affected by it. The next species contains the same generic characters, and is called by farmers pepper brand, stinking brand, or smut balls; and by botanists, *uredo caries*. It is readily recognised in wheat by the grains being lighter, shorter, and rounder, than healthy corn, and by the dirty appearance of its integuments. Grains thus affected are easily crushed by the fingers, have a greasy feel, and emit their peculiar odour when rubbed. No means of preventing its attack has hitherto been discovered; but its less frequent occurrence in wheat has been ascribed to the process of dressing to which the corn is subjected. Dressing consists in allowing the corn to macerate some time in sea water, or solution of common salt or arsenic, and then drying it by means of quicklime. The advantages resulting from this treatment have been well illustrated by experiments, one of which Dr. Bossey related; but which of the processes used for the protection of the crops is most effectual, he could not take upon himself to say. Wheat, when thus diseased, is so altered in its sensible and physical qualities, that it is not likely ever to have been used extensively as

an article of food, but its occasional admixture with sound corn has afforded opportunity of observing its deleterious effects on man.

GALVANISM.—*M. Jules Guyot* has just announced the construction of galvanic piles of a particular form, which he calls concentric piles. In these piles one pole is at the centre, and the other at the circumference. New properties and remarkable analogies are said to result from this combination; as we find at the surface of spherical piles made to revolve, all the influences of gravity and terrestrial magnetism at the surface of our globe. A pile four inches in diameter, composed of concentric cylinders two inches high and six in number, being charged with pure water, gives strong shocks even after the lapse of twenty-four hours.

CHEMISTRY.—*Sulphuret of Nitrogen* has recently been obtained by the action of gaseous ammonia upon the chloride of sulphur, in the following manner:—The dried gas is passed into a large recipient, into which is plunged a cup containing a small quantity of chloride of sulphur. A flaky matter of a dirty green colour is the result of this action, which is left during twenty-four hours in the atmosphere of ammonia. The product is treated with water, which deposits only the hydro-chlorate of ammonia, formed during the operation. The sulphuret of nitrogen is of a citron yellow colour, and inodorous; it is at first insipid, but soon leaves a very acid taste in the mouth. A sodden blow, or the sudden application of heat, causes it to detonate with violence; but if care be taken to mingle it with a sufficient quantity of inert matter, it is decomposed without explosion at 140 degrees.—*Siliceous Productions.*—*M. Cagnaird Latour*, by several proceedings of his own invention, all of which are founded on the effects of slow action, has obtained several substances analogous to silver. One of the most remarkable of his experiments is, that when exposing lamp black to the action of solar light, and under certain conditions, he procures siliceous concretions, some of which affected a pyramidal form.

MINERALOGY.—*Crystallization of Metals.*—The interesting experiments of *Mr. Cross* on the formation of minerals by electricity, have attracted considerable attention to this subject; and *Mr. Bird* communicated to the British Association the result of some experiments made by him. His apparatus was simple, consisting of an external cylinder of glass, capable of holding about half a pint of fluid, filled with a solution of common salt; into the contents of this cylinder was plunged a second and smaller cylinder, furnished at its lower extremity with a plug of sulphate of lime; this second glass cylinder was filled with a solution of sulphate of copper; into the latter a plate of copper, furnished with a conducting wire, was immersed, whilst into the solution of salt a plate of zinc, also furnished with its conducting wire, was plunged. Under these circumstances a current of electricity is developed, the plate of zinc becoming positive, and the plate of copper negative, although the intensity of the current could be scarcely supposed sufficient to the production of chemical action. When the connecting wires of the two plates of this elementary battery were immersed in a saline solution of a compound salt, the most important physical and chemical changes were produced; and if, instead of immersing these wires in fluids, they are twisted together so as to ensure metallic connexion, it will be found that the electric current developed will produce most interesting and unexpected effects on the metallic solution present in the smaller; for, although it might be anticipated that the copper would be reduced, yet we should expect that this reduction would be obvious at the surface of the negative electrode, which, however, has been proved not to be the case by *Mr. Bird*; for, on examination of the plug of sulphate of lime (plaster of paris) closing the smaller cylinder, and separating the solution of sulphate of copper from the lime, it was found that hard and beautiful crystals of metallic copper were deposited in it, not in a confused manner, but precisely similar to those met with in mines.

MEDICINE.—*Dissecting Room Wounds.*—It was stated by *Dr. Macartney*

at the British Association that he found keeping the parts moistened for two or three days with a saturated solution of alum, after a prick or any other injury received in dissection, no bad effects would result; and this was confirmed by many years' experience. In addition to the powerful stringent action of alum in torporizing the absorbents, it might probably also act chemically from its powerful affinity for animal matter. The cases from wounds received in dissection which terminate fatally, are generally those of bad and strumous habits, where sometimes infection terminating in death has taken place without the contact of the poison with any abraded surface. Fatal results more generally occur in cases of dissection which come before the medical man in post mortem examinations in his professional practice, than in the dissecting room, as the danger rests principally where the patient has died from violent inflammations. The efficacy of the remedy in this instance would seem to point out its advantageous employment in many cases of poisoned wounds produced from animals or animal substances.—*Poisonous Candles.*—The attention of the Westminster Medical Society was drawn to the nature of the composition of German wax candles, by Mr. Scott, who considered the matter of so much importance to the public health as to require the immediate consideration of the medical world. It appeared from the observations of the different speakers that on the first introduction of these particular candles into the market, Mr. Everett, after a most careful analysis, discovered four grains of pure metallic arsenic in each candle; but recently, the competition had arrived at such a pitch, that no less than one drachm of arsenic was stated by Mr. Scott to be found in each candle: that is, in the proportion of 1 to 28.—The president and other members, who joined in the discussion, highly deprecated their use, and considered that the evolution of so large a quantity of arseniceous acid into the atmosphere by the use of these candles must, as a matter of course, be highly detrimental to the public health; and that, as chapels, theatres, and other public buildings, were about to be lighted up by these means, it was necessary that this society should thus express their conviction of their deleterious quality. Mr. Costell strongly urged a representation to government on the propriety of establishing a well-regulated medical police, and complained in very forcible language of the languor of our constituted authorities on all matters connected with medicine, in reference, more especially, to our municipal arrangements.

AGRICULTURE.—The sum of 500,000 francs has been placed at the disposal of the French minister of public works, for the encouragement of agriculture during the year 1838. There have been also several gentlemen travelling in Scotland at the expence of the Society of Agriculture, in order to examine the system of farming in that country.

ENTOMOLOGY.—*Mason Spider.*—Dr. Moulin has sent the nest of a mason spider to M. Audouin, from New Granada, in South America, which resembles the other known species in its habits, but is different from those of the Abbé de Sauvages, and M. Rosi, by its dimensions, and from there being no holes on the inferior surface of its operculum, which holes are intended for the reception of the hooks of the Mygale; this spider, being attached by its feet to the silky substance inside, thus contrives to keep its door shut.—*Food for Silkworms.*—Some experiments have been made in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, to feed silkworms on the leaves of the Scarzonera, which have perfectly succeeded; out of 150 only three or four died, and the cocoons were of the same weight and odour as those produced by the worms fed on the leaves of the mulberry.

STATISTICS.—In 1835 there were 7,233 individuals brought to trial in France on criminal charges, whereof 2,816 were acquitted, and 4,407 convicted and sentenced to various punishments.—To death, 54—Hard-labour for life, 151—A fixed number of years, 777—Seclusion, 796—Imprisonment, 2,599—Surveillance without any other penalty, 9—Children under sixteen years of age sent to houses of correction, 20—Total, 4,407. H.



Mr. Tupman and Mlle. Anastasie.



Mr. Crashem's room in the Pelagie